



C. COLES PHILLIPS

SUMMER FICTION

When an automobile manufacturer spends \$25,000 to \$100,000 extra money for Warner Auto-Meters as regular equipment, he confirms his claims of *Highest Quality* throughout his car.

AT ONE-THIRD the cost of the Warner Auto-Meter his car could be equipped with some other Speed Indicator. Two-thirds could be saved on this item alone. That saving with one maker who will use the Warner as regular equipment, would amount next year to **\$54,000**. All that could be saved, yet the maker could say, "This car is equipped with A Speed Indicator." But he pays as much again, and as much again more, to give you a Warner Auto-Meter—

Just because he knows—as well-posted men know—that the Warner is a *real* Speed Indicator—sensitive, accurate, reliable and so durable that it will give a correct indication of speed and distance as long as the car itself endures.

A maker who will go to this extra expense to give the choicest and best in a Speed Indicator, will do the same in the hidden parts. You may be sure of that.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the outward evidence of inward quality in an automobile.

Automobiles are much the same as far as mere outward appearance goes. The parts which make one better than another are out of sight under the hood, beneath the floor or concealed by a covering of paint and varnish. Yet there are many places throughout the car where the right thing will cost three or four times as much as the wrong.

On some of those parts you never may know which grade the maker uses. But the Warner Auto-Meter tells you his policy. And men are the same clear through.

When a maker pays the price to give you the Warner, which he knows to be best, in a Speed Indicator, he will give you the best in other parts. This is sound logic.

Don't misunderstand us. This may not be a universal condition.

It is only right and just to admit what may be true—that a maker may skimp on the Speed Indicator yet not skimp anywhere else. The only cheapening in the entire car may be this

single feature. A cheap Speed Indicator is not an infallible sign of other inferiority.

But the maker who gives you the best in *hidden* parts, and the second or third best in the *visible* parts, is doing himself an injustice.

And such a maker is on dangerous ground if he makes the claim that he uses the choicest and best throughout, when the Speed Indicator—the most looked-at thing on the car—is known to be cheap, inferior and unreliable.

Thousands are now following our suggestion and Looking for the Speed Indicator.

If a car has a Warner on the dash, those on the street or in other automobiles unhesitatingly decide that it is a *good* car.

Those who are about to buy *look for the Speed Indicator* on the cars in the dealer's showroom. If it is a Warner, the salesman's task is easy. For to the buyer the Warner is an outward and visible proof of a quality and perfection in the car itself, which must otherwise be taken on trust.

It is becoming difficult for dealers to even give away inferior Speed Indicators.

Now that the buying public has been educated to know how much it means in comfort, satisfaction and freedom from trouble and annoyance to have a Warner Auto-Meter on the car, they will no longer take inferior Speed Indicators *as a gift*, but gladly pay the difference for enduring Warner sensitiveness and sterling **QUALITY**.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

THE Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Free to Automobilists A vest-pocket "Automobile Expense Record" tab indexed for conveniently keeping account of tires, gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Sent **FREE** for name and model of your car. Address S. E. PATE, Booklet Dept., Warner Instrument Co., Beloit, Wis.

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY

Main Offices and Factory, - - 1187 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.

Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo

Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland

Denver
Detroit
Indianapolis

Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York

Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.

San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis

Canadian Branch, 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



Model M2, Price \$125
Other Models from \$50 to \$145
See Catalogue

Near-News from Foreign Parts

The crisis in Persia is dealt with by a special correspondent.—*St. Petersburg Russe*.

Who complains of the waning power of the press!

Heard Island has been officially annexed to Great Britain.—*Durban (Natal) Star*.

When will little islands learn they should be seen, but not heard?

Cuba is about to harvest the largest sugar crop in the island's history.—*Havana Star*.

The Cubans are probably looking forward to good times in the sweet buy and buy.

Apparently Monaco's new constitution is working without a single hitch.—*Paris Journal*.

It's funny they should have missed the color-line problem. One might have expected trouble between the black and the red.

There is some ground for the belief that the entire legislature of the state of San Luis will resign.—*Mexico Herald*.

They do some things better in Mexico than we do here!

The Minister of Finance announces in his new budget a supplementary income tax on bachelors and widows, also one on matches.—*Vienna Free Press*.

The gentleman evidently proposes to catch 'em both going and coming.

According to statistics just issued, this republic has in the past fifteen years consumed perfumes valued at \$1,224,500.—*Montevideo Post*.

Apparently Uruguay by any other name is prepared to smell as sweet.

A Jemadar of the Zhob levy corps has deserted from the Saradarga post with twenty-two sowars; he is a Joge-zai Kakar.—*Calcutta Mercury*.

What a surprise! Think of it! A Jemadar who is also a Joge-zai Kakar!

· U-ALL-NO ·

· AFTER DINNER MINT ·

Dainty creams that melt in the mouth, leaving a refreshing mint flavor.

Liberal box mailed for 10c.

Sold only in tin boxes, never sold in bulk.

We also Manufacture

· U-ALL-NO ·

Mint Chewing Gum

Send 5c for package.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
461 North 17th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"FATOFF"

Makes fat people thin at the places where they want to be thin.

An EXTERNAL TREATMENT—not a medicine.

Send for Booklet L. Tells of actual results.

M. S. BORDEN CO., 69 WARREN ST.

Victor Herbert now makes records only for the Victor

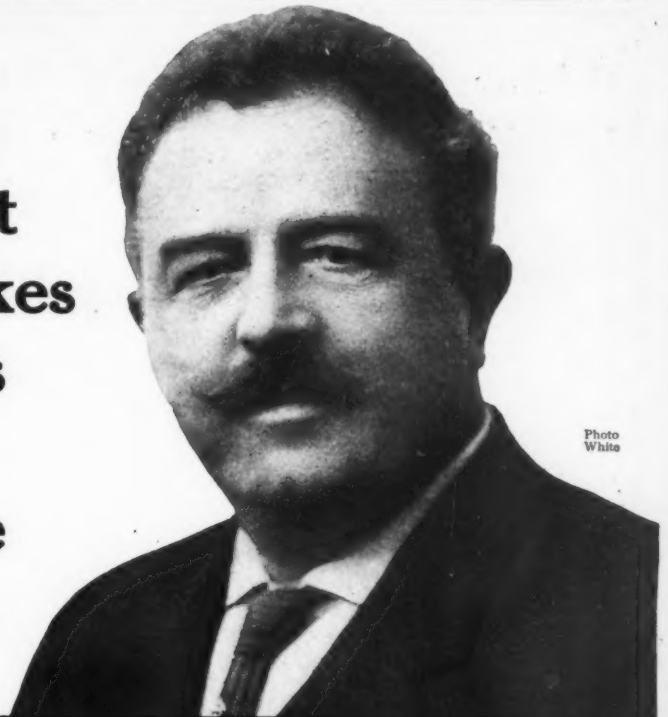


Photo White

June 1, 1911

"I have entered into an agreement with the Victor Talking Machine Company to make exclusively for them, under my personal direction, records of Victor Herbert's Orchestra; and have entered into this agreement because of the artistic merits of their goods and because of the great names represented in their record catalog."

You can take Victor Herbert's word for it. America's gifted composer is surely a competent authority on music.

Victor Herbert

He realizes the Victor is the only instrument that brings to you the music of his orchestra as his orchestra actually plays it.

So he joins the ranks of the world's greatest artists who make records only for the Victor.

The first Victor Records by Victor Herbert's Orchestra

Victor Purple Label Records, 10-inch, 75 cents

60050 The Rosary Nevin
60051 Melody in F Rubinstein

Victor Purple Label Records, 12-inch, \$1.25

70046 Liebestraum (A Dream of Love) Liszt
70047 Air for G String Bach
70048 March of the Toys (from "Babes in Toyland") Herbert

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors



Victor

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

The sandwich as an article of food has just had its hundred and fiftieth birthday.—*L'Independence Belge*.

We've met that same sandwich several times on this side of the ocean.

Grassi is possessed of a marvelous skill of this sort, one of his feats having been the engrossing of seventeen thousand words on a post-card of usual size.—*Rome Tribuna*.

Just the same, we're glad Grassi isn't one of our correspondents.

Warwick James Price.



"MARRY ME, MISS FANTAIL."

"NO, MR. CARRIER. IT TAKES MORE THAN THE SALARY OF A MESSENGER BOY TO SUPPORT ME!"



Astonished?

So were we when we first thought of the idea that we indicated last week. How did it come?

We said to ourselves: "Life is now issuing the best colored covers in the world—for some time LIFE has been the leader in this respect (if we weren't so modest we could tell you how we did it,)—and this being so, why not put some colored pictures inside the paper?" Not ordinary colored pictures, you understand, such as anybody can do, but colored pictures that will be on a par with the general excellence of this delightful little (we mean large) paper.

We did it. Wait until you see that center page colored drawing in LIFE of October 5th. That's only the first one.

We can't wait ourselves for that number to come out, it's so exciting. In the meantime, next week we are going to give you some splendid advice. We are going to tell you not to subscribe to LIFE—and why.

Children's Number

Next week. A special number devoted to all sorts and conditions of children. Look for "Breaking Home Ties" on the colored cover.

On all News-stands
Every Tuesday
Ten Cents

Subscription \$5.00
Canadian . . . \$5.52
Foreign \$6.04

Send One Dollar for Three Months' Trial Subscription

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

TH
The
safety
like th



DR.
For
separ
Addre

P
and priz

Send to
(2) Diet
G. H.

In for It

I rose betimes, and donned a suit
Of clothes, whose fit immaculate
Was not a question for dispute,
Whose cut was far above debate.
I breakfasted, or rather tried,
But strange my appetite behaving,
A B. and S. alone supplied
My feeble craving.

I fidgeted about the place,
I smoothed my hat some twenty times,
I almost cursed the clock's slow pace,
And listened for the neighb'ring
chimes—
I stretched my gloves—they were a pair
Of lemon kids, extremely "fetching";
And so I used peculiar care
About the stretching.

'Twas past eleven when my friend
Arrived, and took me 'neath his wing,
For he had promised to attend
Upon me kindly, and "to bring
Me smiling to the scratch," as he
Was pleased to term it, being merry;
'Twas quite another thing with me;
'Twas diff'rent, very.

We drove to Church, and there I found
Myself the object of each gaze;
I hardly dared to look around,
I felt completely in a maze—
We had to wait, I dropped my hat,
Then split a glove in very flurry,
Grew hot, and wished devoutly that
The rest would hurry.

When all was o'er, we had to face
A grinning crowd's rude gaping stare,
I strove to don unconscious grace,
And look as if I didn't care—
We braved it out, got home, and then
There came a plethora of kissin':
Of course, I took good care the men
Did not join this in.

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. At all dealers.



Price, \$3.00
Complete, Prepaid
Send for catalog
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

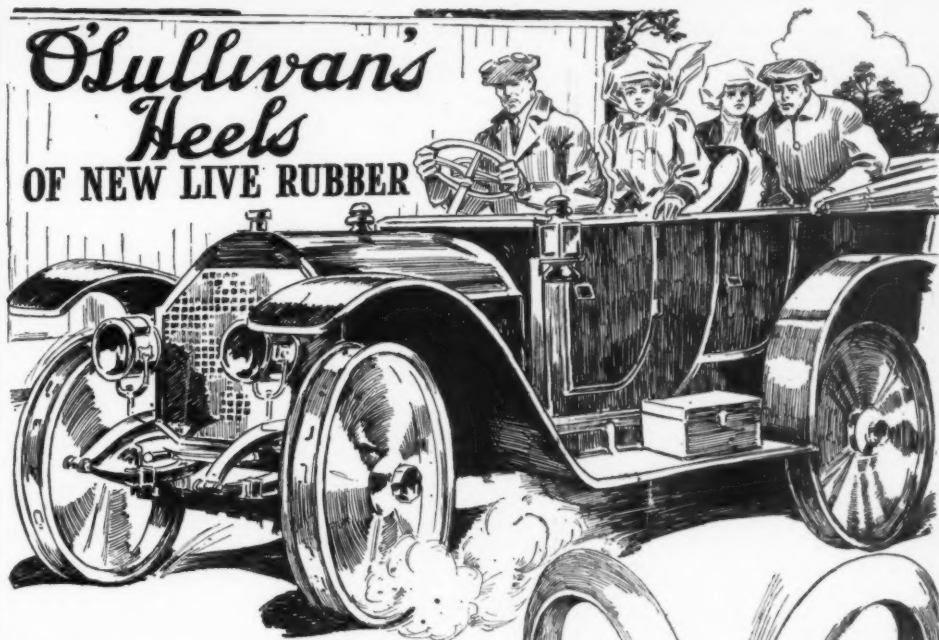


Health

"Fat, oil, butter, cream and eggs certainly caused my catarrh and deafness, but your diet of lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc. cured me in a few weeks. My brain power and complexion improved tremendously, and I succeeded financially." . . . Different classes of foods cause different diseases, but correct combinations cure.

Send ten cents for instructive booklets: (1) The Brainy Diet Cure, (2) Diet vs. Drugs, (3) Effects of Foods, (4) Key to Longevity. G. H. Brinkler, Food Expert, Dept. 72, Washington, D. C.

O'Sullivan's Heels OF NEW LIVE RUBBER



Would You Drive a Car Without Tires?

It isn't much worse—only more noticeable—than going without rubber heels.

Some people like noise, rattle, bang—sounds busy. But the auto goes faster, lasts longer, goes more easily, with quiet rubber tires. Man lasts longer and goes faster with live rubber heels.



O'Sullivanize Your Walk

Put a cushion of new live rubber under your heels to save your nervous system the jars and shocks from hard floors and pavements.

Make Every Step an Easy One

O'Sullivan's Heels are a necessity to a million people.

O'Sullivan's Heels are made of live rubber—and that means new rubber, with the spring in it.

50c. attached, at any shoemaker's.

O'Sullivan Rubber Company 131 Hudson Street New York City

We next were victims of a meal,

A melancholy sad pretence,
And I thereat was made to feel
How hard it is to utter sense:
The carriage came at last, and we
For not a single moment tarried,
And driving off, it dawned on me
That I was married.

—Somerville Gibney.

Ashore

SEEDY VISITOR: Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman?

BOATMAN: Not very many, sir. You're the first I've seen this season.—Tit-Bits.



Oh, Mr. Burglar, put away
Your bludgeon and your knife.
Take every blessed thing I own,
But spare, oh, spare, me Life.



Model 12-H, Special, Semi-Racer
with toy tonneau, 4-passenger,
Top and windshield extra. **\$2700**

AN estimate of Speedwell excellence depends upon a comparison rather than description.

You must have some form of mental yard-stick to judge quality just as you instinctively judge other characteristics.

Base your judgment of the 1912 Speedwell models upon what you know—or can learn—of cars for which much higher prices are asked.

We are not content to have you think that the Speedwell is merely the best car you can buy at its price, because careful comparison must convince you that there is no better car at any price.

If you will carry your investigation to the fullest length possible, analyzing thoroughly each Speedwell claim, you will not need to be told why this car finds its larger proportion of buyers among those best posted upon automobile values.

STANDARD chassis of 123-inch wheelbase, 4-cylinder, 50 H.P. motor, 36-inch wheels in 10 styles of open front and fore-door bodies at \$2500 to \$2900. Limousine at \$3850. Special Cruiser model of 132-inch wheelbase at \$3500.

*Catalog and Speedwell monthly magazine
sent upon request.*

THE SPEEDWELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
390 Essex Avenue, DAYTON, OHIO

How extra strength is built into the frame

The frame is the foundation of the car; and the good automobile engineer endows it with all the strength his ingenuity can devise. Provision must be made not only for the ordinary strains and twistings which the frame must take as a matter of course, but for the unexpected and extraordinary shocks which every car must meet sooner or later.

The assurance of safety and strength begins with the material in the Speedwell frame and the manner of its making. A special carbon steel is used—steel which we have proved, in our own laboratory tests, to have extremely great strength. The frame members are pressed, and heat treated to develop strength of the steel to a still higher point. The members are heavier than the usual practice dictates and the channel exceptionally deep.

Integral gussets are provided at the ends of the cross members where the latter join the main channels; and cross members and motor sub-frame are hot riveted to the main frame—which effects a unit so far as strain-resisting power is concerned.

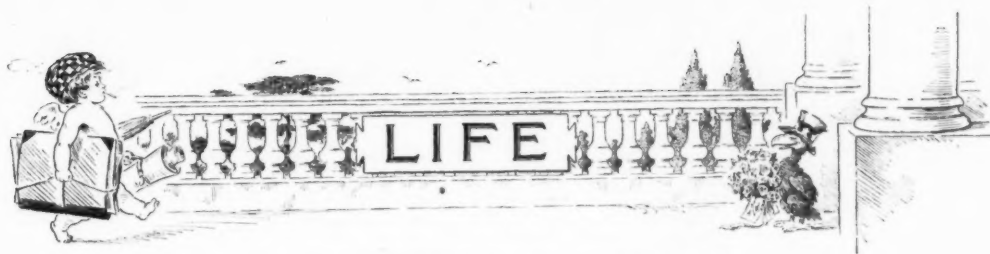
In front, where the frame is narrowed to permit a wide turning range to the steering road wheels, the offsets are widened so that weakness cannot develop.

Over the rear axle, the frame is arched, permitting of liberal spring action and at the same time lowering the body of the car without a sacrifice of safe road clearance.

We have gone into these details for the reason that motor car advertisements, as a rule, particularize on practically every feature save the frame—which is one of the most important.

Furthermore, we want to acquaint you with Speedwell methods; and impress upon you the soundness of Speedwell engineering and construction.

Other Speedwell constructional advantages will be cited in future advertisements.



AFTER A MUCH NEEDED REST, LIFE RETURNS BETTER THAN EVER

Auto Muckraking

"DID you hear about McRaker's good fortune?"

"No."

"He has just landed a big series of articles with a magazine, in which he denounces the automobile business and shows that from every possible point of view automobiles are bad things and should be abolished."

"That's fine. What's he going to do with the money?"

"Buy an automobile."

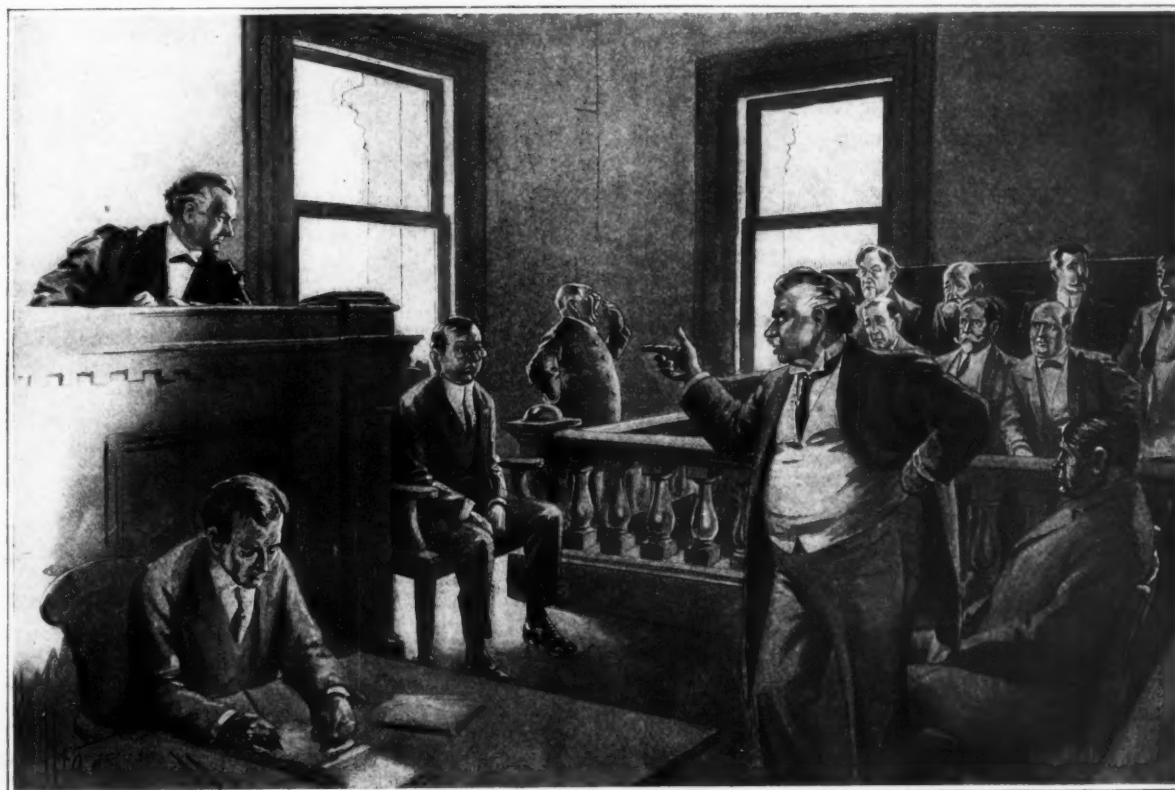
Brooklyn is Brooklyn

FOR some time now, Brooklyn has been making a sincere and earnest effort to be an integral and homogeneous section of New York, to fit in, to keep step, to merit our attempts to make something out of her. But it is no use. We'll have to give it up. In spite of bridges, subway and Coney Island, Brooklyn is as far away and as provincial and as unassimilable as ever. It is an entirely different breed, a thing apart, more remote even than Jersey. New

York has many parts, but Brooklyn is not one of them. Harlem has passed away, but Brooklyn goes on, alas, forever.

May Mayor Gaynor continue to improve in health and spirits, may his temper rebound triumphantly against all trials of it, and his administration fulfill his hopes and those of the other friends of honest and efficient government in this town!—*New York Sun*.

THE first public intimation that Mayor Gaynor is *persona grata* to the powers of Wall Street.



Lawyer for Defendant: NOW, SIR, YOU SAY THAT MY CLIENT DISAPPEARED IN THE DARKNESS AFTER KNOCKING YOU DOWN. WHAT TIME OF NIGHT WAS THIS?

Complainant: I CAN'T SAY EXACTLY. YOUR CLIENT HAD MY WATCH.



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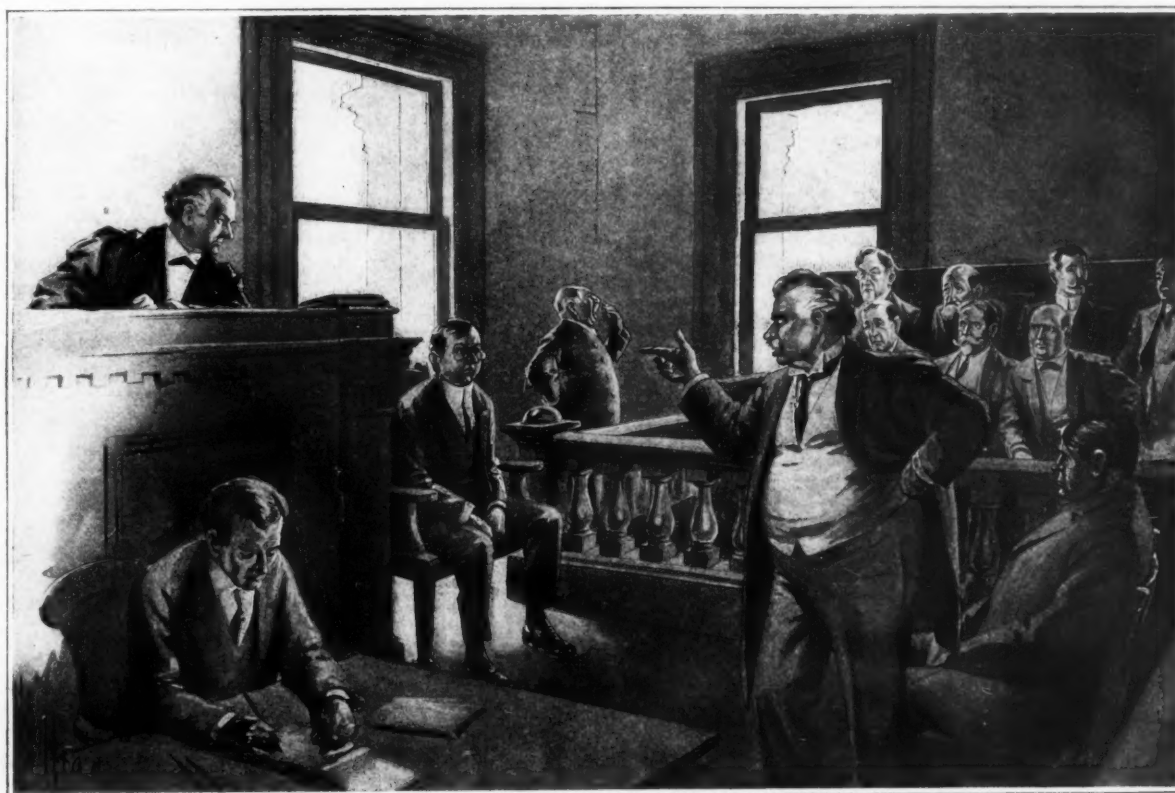
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"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII, SEPTEMBER 14, 1911 No. 1507

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



ONE of the steady occupations in politics nowadays is the construction of opinions as to Governor Woodrow Wilson, and whether he is, or is not, the best man to be the Democratic candidate next year. For though the conventions won't meet for nine or ten months yet, it is not too soon now for the political gentlemen who aspire to guide the conventions to reach conclusions as to whom they want. Governor Wilson gets careful attention, and is a subject for frequent ruminations in many minds. He is the least understood and the most studied of all the Democratic candidates. Along with many testimonies as to his talents, force, accomplishments, character and other qualifications, we see or hear it said that he talks too much, that he is a demagogue, that he is the cleverest politician of them all, that he lacks executive ability, that his temperamental quality isn't right, that his disposition is to drive rather than to persuade, that he is mentally insincere, that he changes lifelong opinions to meet the popular demand.

Other things are said about him, but these will do. Expectant Democratic leaders observe him, read him, look about, wonder and commit the case to what machinery they keep in the back of their heads. Governor Harmon is a simple, definite proposition, and very good of his kind, and the kind is not novel, but Governor Wilson is a new sort on whom the old measurements do not seem to fit. We have had radicals before, but hardly a radical like him; hardly a radical who is a scholar, a gentleman, an orator of great power and charm, a student and teacher and writer of

political history for twenty-five years, a Governor who won his election by his own campaigning, and has in office been bold and successful in introducing the measures and reforms that he advocated on the stump.

When they say that Governor Wilson is mentally insincere they mean, we suppose, that he does not really think what he thinks (and says) he thinks. After his fight with the party bosses in Connecticut he said he had changed his mind about the initiative and referendum, and after condemning them for twenty years, had concluded they were needed and desirable. The change of opinion does not seem unaccountable. It may well have been an effect of practice upon theory.

For our part we don't at all doubt Dr. Wilson's sincerity, mental or moral, nor think him a demagogue, nor worry about his executive ability. He may be of a temperament that carries him into avoidable antagonisms, but that is by no means a fatal political fault. He may talk too much for his own political good, but certainly not for ours, for he is a new man in politics, and we are glad to learn about all his ideas, including his indiscretions. There may be—probably there is—a man in him that words do not express, but he certainly is not using words for purposes of concealment. When he speaks he almost always says something, and he has pretty well disclosed his views, and is still at it.

There is a great movement going on in the minds of men. Governor Wilson is in sympathy with much of it. Whether you call him a radical or a progressive, he is recognized as a man who will seek to guide this current movement rather than to dam it. There is nothing reactionary about him. He will try, in so far as he has a chance, to get for the country such new things as look good to him, and to avoid what looks bad. The question for delegates, and afterward for voters, is whether they will want next year the things that he wants, and think him the likeliest man to attain them. They are likely to know what he wants, for he will tell them amply. Whether they will know what they want themselves is a harder question, so many political novelties are offered to the voters.



WE are not likely to run clear through to the millennium on our present tack. Some time there is coming a lull in progressiveness, or at least, a change in its direction. The effort has been for some time past, and still is, to reduce the powers and gains of the strong—of the bosses in politics and of "the interests" both in politics and in business. To that end is the struggle to reduce the tariff, and to enforce laws of commercial regulation and restraint, and enact new ones. We may expect to get approximately through with this line of work presently, to get the tariff properly pared down, and provide for the railroads and trusts as much restriction and regulation as is compatible with the transaction of the country's business; or, perhaps, more. Then what shall we do?

Perhaps the next thing will be the regulation of combination in the interest of labor. That can no more go the whole length of its possibilities than the combinations of capital can. Evidently if capital must go to Washington or to the courts for permission to combine, and be limited in its combinations, labor in the end will have to do the same. And in that there may be a coming issue on which Presidential candidates will expound their views and parties take sides, and there are very pretty fights in sight in it, to be sure!



JUST as President Taft went on a long journey a year ago to tell all the people why he signed the Payne bill, so now he goes again to tell them why he vetoed the bill to revise the wool schedule. It is to doubt whether his success in this case will better his success in that. Luckily, though, he has other topics for discourse, as reciprocity and the arbitration treaties, but so far his defense of his wool veto has not been helpful.



AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

ADAM, THE DEAR, THOUGHTFUL THING, PRESENTS EVE WITH A SET OF FURS

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,695.60
C. W. B.....	10.00
The Wainscott Children.....	6.02
"17 Battery Place".....	150.00
Grenell Island Sunday School.....	5.00
"The Twenty-first Annual Subscription to Fresh Air Funds".....	100.00
Mrs. J. L. Wyckoff.....	5.00
From a "Lunch Party".....	5.00

\$7,976.62

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Packages of clothing from Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Stevens, of Ridgefield, Conn.
Treat of ice cream for the children by Jack and Russell Lynch and the Doubleday children, all of Ridgefield, Conn.

She'll Get Him

PUBLIC OPINION is a more influential old lady than Mr. Taft seems to realize. When she smiles upon him he pulls her nose or slaps her face.

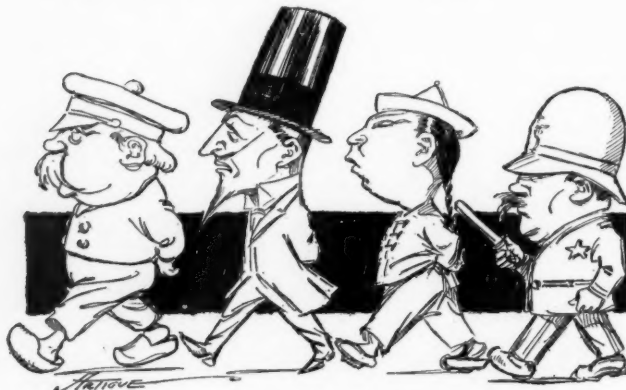
The American people earnestly desire a reduction of the tariff, and they are tired of waiting. Mr. Taft ignores this fact, or has not yet discovered it. Stumping around the country on a tour of explanation promises to be a waste of breath.

Better stay at home, Mr. President, attend to business and take your medicine. The Old Lady is after you.

Non Sequitur

Because he (Senator Aldrich) was manager of his party in the Senate, it doesn't follow that he is responsible for all of the iniquities of his party.—*Tampa Tribune*.

OF course not. Quite the contrary. No shrewd manager would take responsibility for iniquities.



TAKING IN THE RACES



Missionary: YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE ARE ON THE ROAD TO PERDITION. WHAT I OFFER YOU IS CERTAIN SALVATION.
"YOU GOT SAMPLE?"

Sailors for Salem

SALEM, in Massachusetts, has a problem on its hands that it thinks is difficult. About seventy years ago a Salem sea captain left \$40,000 for the maintenance of religious worship in Salem for sailors. The \$40,000 still remains, and services are still regularly provided in the Salem "bethel," but there are no longer any sailors in Salem.

So it is a question what to do with the income of that money. But the answer is easy. The fund probably produces about \$2,000 a year. Spend \$1,000 on the services and the other \$1,000 to hire two guaranteed sailors of suitable age and habits to live in Salem and sit regularly under preaching.

There ought to be sailors in Salem, and with the means available to maintain them then there is no excuse for not having them. Salem should no more exist without sailors than Berne without bears.

Unfeeling

Milwaukee is to be made famous once more. Atwood, the aviator, is to leave it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

NOT for you to say so, and Pittsburg so sensitive about parting with high-fliers.



This picture has no title.

?

*For the Best Title to this Picture, Life Will
Give One Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St.,
New York, N. Y.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Monday, Oct. 2. The contest will close at noon

of that date. Within one week from Oct. 2 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue Oct. 19.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

Engaged Exclusively by Life

Miss Lydia Lillington Will Hereafter Furnish Sensations for This Paper.—Will Stop at Nothing.—Look for Full and Disgusting Details Next Week, Guaranteed to Satisfy Every Morbid Craving

MISS LYDIA LILLINGTON, one of the most beautiful women in America, has been engaged exclusively by LIFE. She will hereafter furnish all of our sensations, ranging in human interest from attempted suicide to shooting her own husband.

Miss Lillington understands the depths of the human heart beyond all other women. Our esteemed contemporaries are all wild with chagrin to think that LIFE has engaged her permanently. They will continue as usual to depend for their sensations upon chance murders and divorces, where the principal lady may be as homely as a hedge fence.

By securing a beautiful woman as a regular contributor of sensations, it is generally admitted that LIFE has originated a brand new idea. Our readers will now be horrified, disgusted, and morbidly pleased in a scientific manner. No awful detail will be omitted to increase our circulation.

Miss Lillington is eminently fitted for the position. She was educated in a convent, has been a chorus girl for some years, has been married several times, and can read and write fairly well on the typewriter. She usually appears in public heavily veiled, but when the veil is drawn a wonderfully pathetic face is revealed—one also of transcendent beauty. Soft purple eyes, fringed by heavy, dropping eyelashes, clustering hair that when loosened falls to her feet in a wealth of radiating color, half parted lips, a lithe figure, tiny feet, and frightened-dove manner, are some of her strong points. She also dresses in the latest style.

"Yes," she said quietly, tapping her velvet slipper with her parasol, "it is true that I have been engaged by LIFE. Mr. Hearst wanted me, but I objected to appearing on the same page with Dr. Parkhurst. Even I have feelings. How did I acquire my talent for sensationalism? I was born with it. I think it was because I have always been misunderstood. What shall I do first? It wouldn't do for me to tell you now, but you will have full particulars next week."

Sensational developments may be expected.

Firebugs, Attention, Please!

THE fire loss for the United States and Canada for the first seven months of this year was \$155,000,000. It was bigger than usual, forest fires contributing effectively in July. Smokers are liberal purveyors of fire losses and imperfect electrical wiring does its share.

Be careful what becomes of that cigarette stump when you throw it away. If you were so constituted that you could swallow it it would please the underwriters. But built as you are you can train yourself to put the fire out of every cigarette before or after you throw it down. That much you owe to civilization to do.

BUSINESS was invented for the sake of supplying the needs of the people. The needs of the people now exist for the sake of business.



1911. THE ARAB FOLDS HIS TENT AND STEALS AWAY

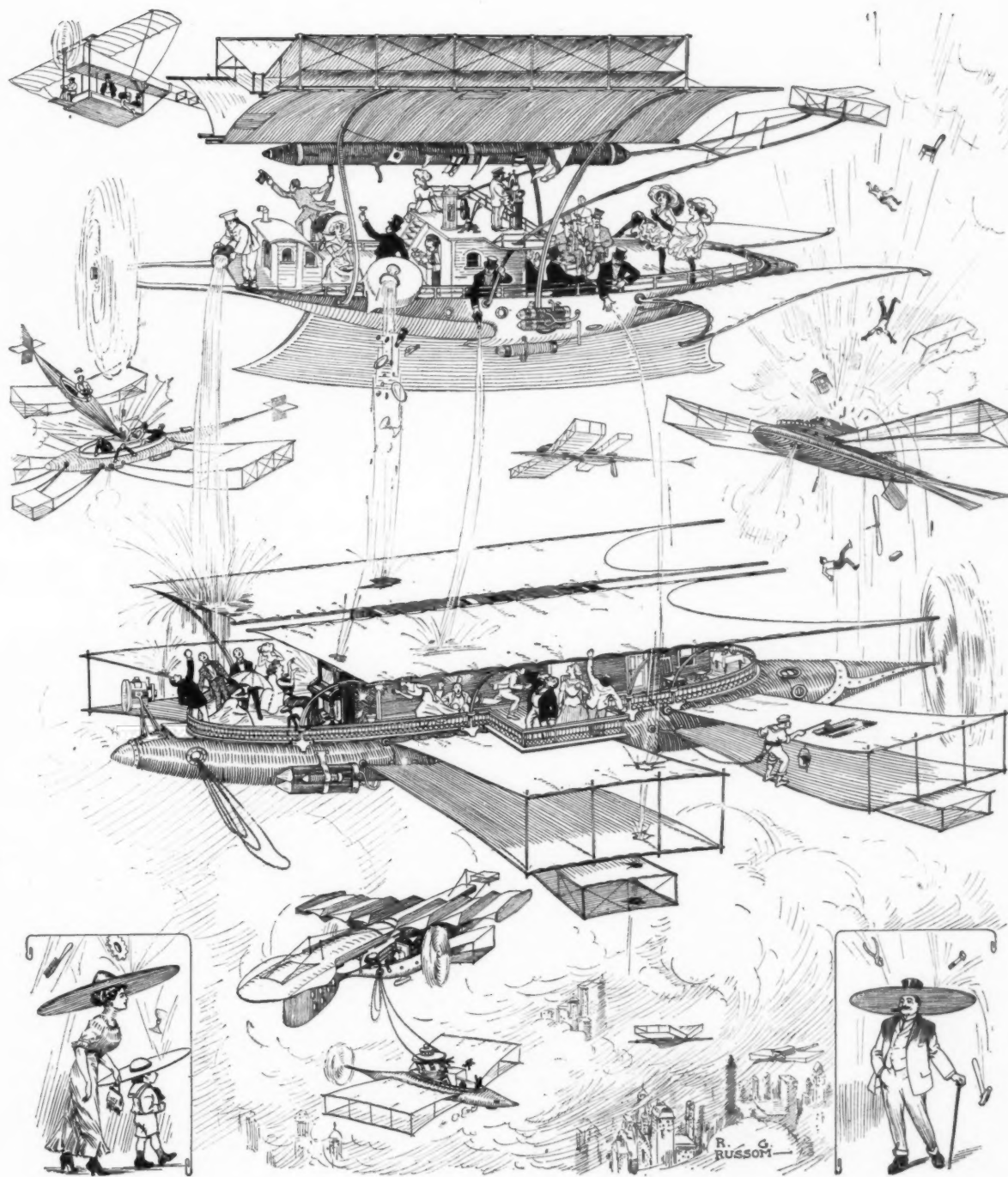
A Lincoln Road to Gettysburg

THE Pennsylvania papers think that the most suitable monument to Lincoln would be a national highway from Washington to Gettysburg. They cite the Appian Way and other Roman roads as precedents for such a memorial. Such a road would run northerly from Washington about sixty-five miles through Maryland, and maybe fifteen miles into Pennsylvania. The automobile folks would like it and would doubtless inspect and admire it faithfully. But how would the rest of the people ever see it? And how could it be made monumental and how permanent? The best modern road, navigable to automobiles, is one of the least permanent and least monumental of constructed things. We believe there is \$2,000,000 available for a monument to Lincoln. Spread over seventy-five miles, wouldn't it run thin?

It may be that a road to Gettysburg would be a fairly good thing to spend some Federal money on, but as a monument to Lincoln it seems to lack the indispensable qualities of visibility and permanence.



NO, GENTLE READER, THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT ENGAGED IN A VIOLENT FAMILY ROW. THEY ARE MERELY LISTENING WITH INTEREST TO WHAT THEIR NEIGHBORS ARE DISCUSSING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARTITION.



THE CAR OVERHEAD NUISANCE



THE SEED WHICH FELL UPON ROCKY GROUND

The Cause of Panics

AFTER all of the economists and the politicians and the professors and the editorial writers have finished their erudite, if conflicting, explanations of the cause of panics, the plain man is the only one who gets it right. The others know too much. The plain man sees clearly that banks are the cause of panics. If there were no banks, or if the banks kept the money that was entrusted to them, the people could always get what money belonged to them, and consequently they would never become panicky about not being able to get it.



ONE OF THE LOWER ANIMALS

A Good Name Thrown Away

IT is a pity that the ambition of the Taft family, and the exultation of Yale at having a graduate in the White House at last, contrived it that the new hotel now building in New Haven will not be the New Haven House. The Scriptures speak impressively of the value of a good name, but here was one thrown away, and all to exalt a family already exalted, and that never kept a good hotel, even in Ohio.

The Course of Empire

LOST—A Course of Empire. When last seen it was taking its way westward amid the plaudits of an admiring people who were strong advocates of a westerly direction and whose motto was "Westward Ho!"

Just what the Course of Empire intended to do after its little journey is not known. Some believe that it would shake off its *wanderlust* and settle down when it had gone to the most extreme western outpost. Others assert that it had a return ticket good any time until used. Still others believe that it went so far West as to reach the East again and is now probably knocking about Japan, Manchuria or the Philippines.

Finder will please return at once. We need a Course of Empire very much. Without it we are as bad off as a mariner without his compass.

THE Socialists seem to be trying to change Labor Day from the first Monday in September to the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Mother Up to Date

WHO scorns a lazy limousine?
Who oils and cranks her own machine?
Who knows the price of gasoline?
My mother.

Who plays bridge till her forehead aches?
Who gives me points on no-trump makes?
Who shows me how to place my stakes?
My mother.

Who stays out late on caucus night?
Who tells me of the ward's great fight
And how to mark my ballot right?
My mother.

Who wields a gavel without fear?
Who mounts the rostrum far and near?
Who runs for Senator next year?
My mother!

Who Will Do It?

New York bankers have again vouched for the Aldrich central bank scheme. In view of the revelations of the past few years, there is need for vouchers for the New York bankers.—Troy (N. Y.) Budget.

THAT is precisely the point. We are hardly willing to turn over the United States Treasury to them until they offer a little better security. Who will volunteer to underwrite these bankers?

An Excited Editor

IS it possible that the torrid summer has affected the thinking boxes of the Chicago American?

Dogs and cats should be eliminated in the cities at once and as rapidly as possible in the country. They are dangerous and out of date; their usefulness is gone. They spread disease. Dogs, as every educator knows, even have a degrading influence on the minds of children!!!

Whoever destroys a dog or a cat in this day performs a good action.

Keep your feet on the ground, brother. Had a dog or a cat written in such a manner about humans there would have been far more sense in it. When it comes to varieties of outrage and murder, and to spreading disease, the dog and the cat have much to learn from the two-legged brute.



"NOW, THEN, FORK OVER YER POCKET-BOOK!"

"BLESS MY SOUL! I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED IT. I KNEW I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING."

Steel

NOW that the Steel Trust has been muck-raked fore and aft, officially investigated from mine to dividends, scrutinized from employee to stockholder, analyzed, digested and tabulated, we are gratified to observe that the price of steel rails is still \$28 a ton in this country and about a third less than that abroad.

Let us proceed forthwith to regulate the rest of the trusts.

Leisure Day

WE now have Labor Day, formally set aside, upon which laboring men who have jobs are supposed to dignify themselves and their status by taking a day off without pay.

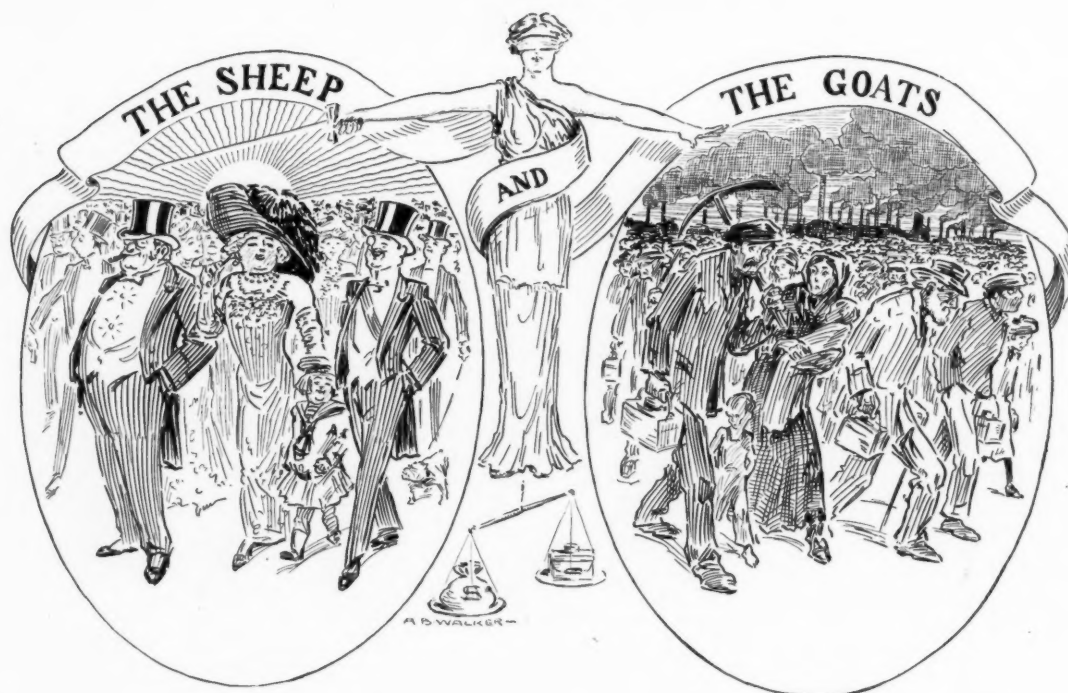
It is all right. Just how much dignity is accumulated on the first Monday in September would be hard to say, but an

extra day off for those who are doomed to incessant toil is none too much.

To complete the scheme, however, we should appoint another day. By analogy we should call it Leisure Day and it should be devoted to the interests of the laboring men who have no jobs, but who are doomed to incessant idleness with all its unpleasant appendages of charity, sympathy and prying students of sociology. On that day the Government should provide light work, with pay, for all those who may wish to indulge. A few orators might even be provided to flatter these people upon their important function in prosperity in that their competition keeps down the price of labor.

E. O. J.

ALASKA makes the capitalist heart grow fonder.



A Bargain in Wives

Colonel Green, Son of Mrs. Hetty, Wants One—He Can Find the Right Sort By Looking for Her in the Right Place

COLONEL GREEN of Texas, son of the redoubtable Hetty, wants a wife—he says—and has looked the market over and complains of the offerings. He grumbles because contemporary women want "clothes—and then more clothes," automobiles, yachts, cottages at Newport and Bar Harbor. He sighs because New York women such as he sees about the hotels and restaurants are probably unskilled in cooking and laundry work. "Women," he says, "should marry with the idea of having children and caring for a home."

Shucks! Colonel Green ought easily to find a wife to suit him. If he wants an able woman, a skilled cook and laundress, well able to bear children and keep a clean house, let him make a careful tour of the intelligence offices in New York. Admirable women of the kind he praises are constantly passing through these offices, and if he is a presentable man and can give a good character he ought to be able to engage one to marry him.

Colonel Green's mother has spent her life getting money together and avoiding expenditure. If that is his game too, he had better not try to marry at all. Single life is cheaper. Children are an expense. Wives are apt to feel entitled to some compensation for being wives. They are almost universally prone, the greedy things, to want their share of life, and some share of whatever their husbands have. Since they are as they are, Colonel Green, as he appears in his criticisms of women, will hardly seem to them an attractive partner.

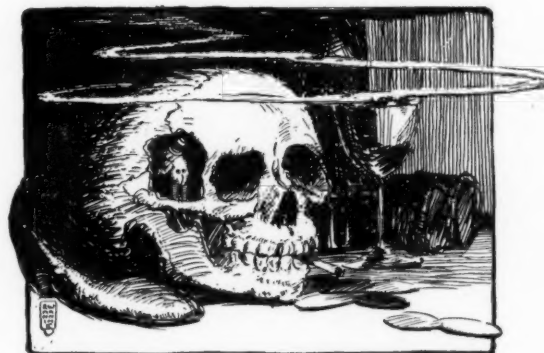
He is too much out for a bargain. He dwells entirely on what he wants of a wife and not at all on what he hopes to do for her. But marriage is not that kind of a trade. There is profit of a certain mean sort in over-reaching a customer, but no profit in over-reaching a wife.

Better not risk it, Colonel Green. You do not know this game of marriage. There is no something-for-nothing department in it at all. You have to give yourself and what you have and you get what you get and make the best of it.

He Needed Help

LAWYER TO CLIENT: Were you present when your wife paid over the money?

CLIENT (*confidentially*): Counsellor, vich vay iss de best?



Professor Bugg: AH, QUITE A CAVERN! MAY HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED AT ONE TIME



"NO CROSS, NO CROWN"

Success

IT is easy enough to be a successful business man,

If you are a perfectly porcine person, lost to all the finer feelings of humanity.

But the man worth while is the man who can be Successful

Without misrepresenting his goods,

Without adulterating his products,

Without bribing public officials,

Without making a sweatshop of his factory,

Without employing little children,

Without asking for a protective tariff.

Tests

A BANKER writing anonymously in *System* says that one of the tests of a customer is "whether he can clean up. Every customer ought to do that once a year; pay up his bank loans absolutely clear. We'll be ready to loan it right back to him, but we want to know that he can do it."

This is such a favorite ideal with bankers that we wonder they do not apply it to themselves. Let there be a rule made that every banker pay off all his depositors once a year. We will be ready to put the money right back, but we want to know that he can do it.



"NO ADVANTAGE IN GOING TO HEAVEN.
WE HAVE WINGS AS IT IS!"

Let Us Learn

AMERICA can learn something from the way England handled the big railway strike. Take, for instance, the drafting of blue-jackets to equip the deserted power plants. How admirable some such plan would be in case of panics or industrial depressions. If a man closed his factory just when the people were most in need of goods, the country could draft capitalists to go in and run his factory for him. The same could be done in the case of a closed bank, mine or mill.

Thus declared Premier Asquith:

The Government's first consideration must be the public interests. We cannot allow a general paralysis of the railway system of the country, which we will have to take the necessary steps to prevent.

It is a noble sentiment. Let us be guided by it, even when others than laboring men are the offenders.

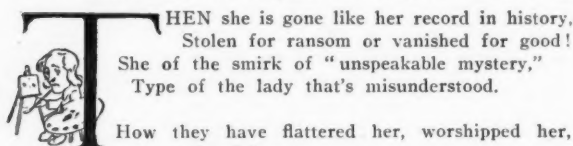
E. O. J.



HE WAS QUITE OVERCOME BY THE
NEWS

The Mystery of Mona Lisa

Paris, August 22.—The art world has been thrown into consternation by the announcement of the theft of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre.—*New York Times*.



How they have flattered her, worshipped her,
sainted her
Since Leonardo, the talented sage,
Fed her on music (they say) as he painted her—
Splendid F. Hopkinson Smith of his age!

Yes; and the Critics became such a bore to her
(Witness her manner of stately *hauteur*),
That she eloped with the picture next door to her—
Cardinal, Highwayman, Prince, or—Chauffeur!

Arthur Guiterman.

How they have talked of the eyes and the smile of her,
Argued how this was her meaning, or that;
Raved of the wonderful, exquisite style of her!
(If she were living they'd call her "a cat"!)

How they've refined on the shadows and tints of her,
Asked if her glance was a trifle askew!
How they have swamped us with joy-killing points of her!—
Please, Mr. Burglar, away with them too!

Nay, ye Detectives, no robber burglarious,
Entered the Louvre to steal her for pelf;
Seeking for light on the doings nefarious
Study the face of the lady herself!



Those Working Babies of Florida

EDITOR LIFE,

DEAR SIR.—My attention has just been called to a letter from Ernest W. Tyler in your issue of August 10, in which he expresses great disappointment and displeasure because I hastened to correct an error that appeared in a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly* and because *Collier's* was equally prompt in making full and dignified correction. He cries: "Are we to put any faith in his future photographs and heartrending stories of the Florida working babies?"

We thank Mr. Tyler for volunteering to become the champion of the Gulf coast sea food canning interests and expressing their apology—"We don't work our babies very hard," for whatever serves to draw public attention to the industry will be helpful in improving future conditions.

Aside from this, all we care to say at present is that the more Mr. Tyler writes on the subject now the more he will have to regret when the evidence we have been gathering is laid before the public.

Sincerely yours,

OWEN R. LOVEJOY,
General Secretary.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1911.

Miss Repplier on Customs-House Inflections

EDITOR OF LIFE,

SIR.—The article on the "Customs," by Miss Repplier in *LIFE* for August 10, strikes me as the best thing yet said on the subject. Several people have spoken highly of the article to me, and it occurs to me that it ought to reach a larger circle even than the readers of *LIFE*. Could it not be reprinted in most of the daily papers?

Very truly yours,

W. S. H.

SEA GIRT, N. J.,
18th August, 1911.

Any newspaper is welcome to reprint it.—THE EDITOR.

The War on Animals

EDITOR OF LIFE,

DEAR SIR.—According to the newspaper reports, the State Board of Health of Kansas has issued an edict that all the cats in the State shall have their whiskers shaved to avoid the transmitting of germs.

The State Board of Health of California has slaughtered thousands of squirrels on the theory that they are carriers of disease.

The Board of Health of a large eastern city—with supreme arrogance—recently considered the advisability of prohibiting the owning or harboring of dogs, cats, birds or domestic pets of any kind on the same flimsy theory of germ transmission.

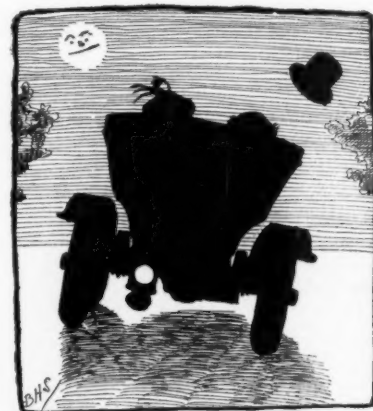
These incidents are "straws" which

indicate the way the wind is blowing. They have a ludicrous side—but when the dominant medical system succeeds in the accomplishment of its dream of twenty years for a State department or system of medicine, it may be somewhat harder to "chuckle" over these vagaries. Is it not time that some intelligent, organized protest be made against this "wise" foolishness.

Respectfully,

OLIVER W. THORNDYKE, M.D.

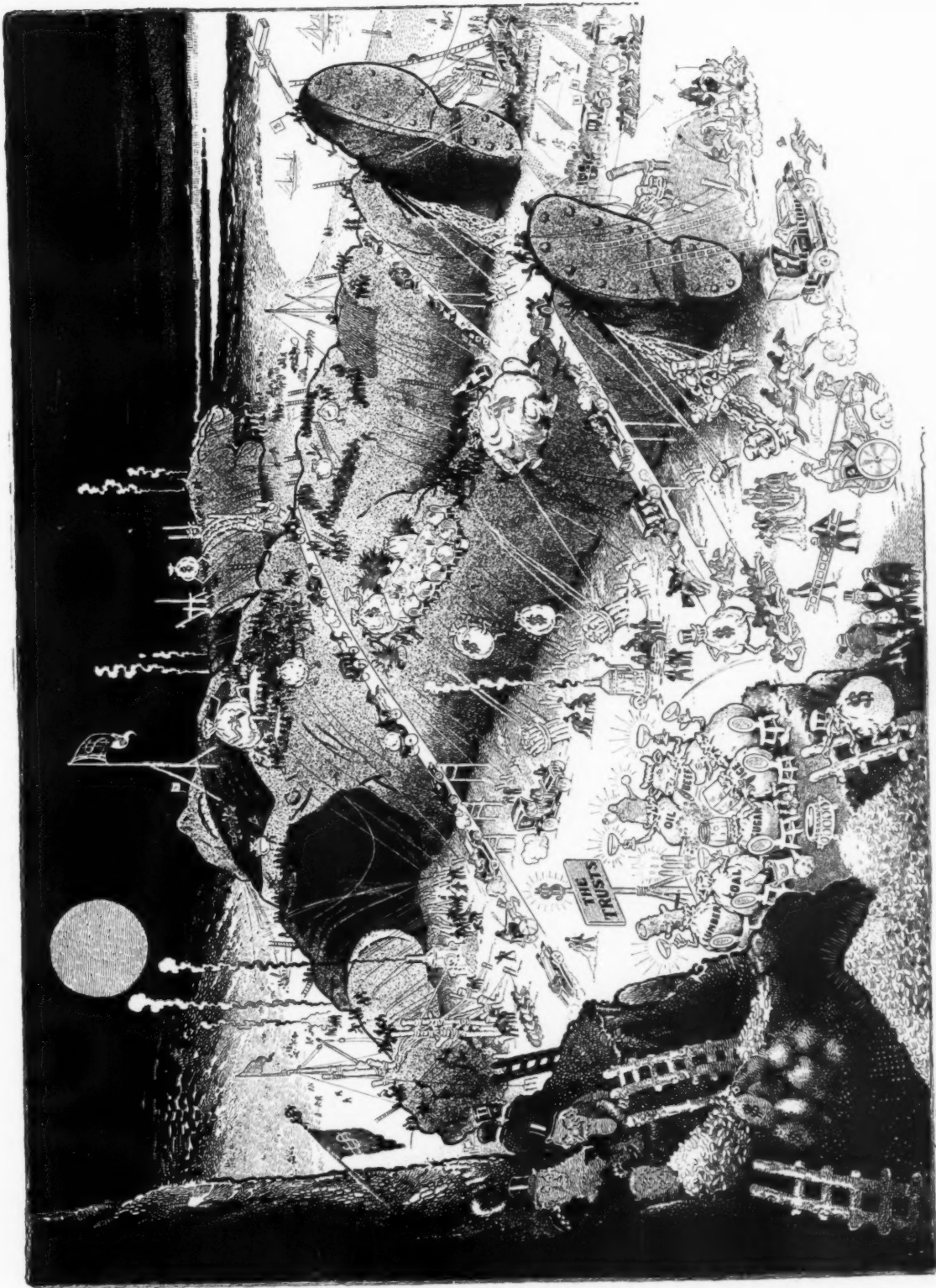
August 14, 1911.



"MY, HOW THE CAR SLIPS AND SLIDES! I MUST DISCHARGE THIS CHAUFFEUR."

"BUT PERHAPS HE'LL IMPROVE IF YOU GIVE HIM A CHANCE."

"IMPOSSIBLE. HIS NAME IS SKID-MORE."



GULLIVER, WORKINGMAN



New Season is Getting Into Its Stride



JULIA SANDERSON

bills and various musicians and librettists are conspicuously mentioned, Julia Sanderson and the numerous gorgeously gowned young women whose names are generously exploited in the programme are the real lure of "The Siren" at the Knickerbocker.

Experts in musical shows, learnedly compare the respective merits of this class of entertainment, but in the final analysis, both with them and the public at large, the true and final test of the quality of the production lies in who the women are and how they impress the senses of the spectator. Once in a while there comes along a musical show which is worthy of the title of "comic opera" as it is used in this country, but as a rule the more common term is better descriptive of the kind of entertainment which managers and their financial backers seem never to weary of putting out and which a certain portion of the public seems never weary of patronizing.

In mentioning "The Siren" there is a temptation to use the familiar Lincolnian precept about "for those who like this sort of thing," but it seems a waste of a good man's wit to apply even so hackneyed a quotation to an even worse hackneyed form of amusement.

"The Siren" is not unlike scores of its predecessors. It emphasizes the waltz and waltzing to the point of excess; it is a little more polite in its fun and costumes than the majority of its kind, but in other respects it is no different in

TAKE the girl, her youth, her beauty and her symmetry from the form of entertainment which has gained for itself the name of "musical show" and what would there be left? Even "the tired business man," who is supposed to be its principal supporter, because he has expended so much of his mentality during the day in money-getting that he can appreciate nothing in the theatre which requires even the slightest intelligence for its enjoyment, would not patronize the "musical show" if it were not for its display of what passes for femininity at its most alluring. Therefore, although the name of Mr. Donald Brian is put at the head of the

its appeal to the shallow-minded and unthinking element among patrons of the theatres.

MR. JOHN DREW'S annual autumnal return to New York is a more exactly fixed event than the change in the coloring of the rural foliage which usually occurs at about the same time of the year. Just as we know that some time in September the leaves will begin to turn from green to various shades of red, yellow and brown, so do we know that Mr. John Drew will open his annual season in New York about Labor Day with some kind of an imported comedy in which he will depict the hero in immaculate attire of varied hues and with manners and carriage that are beyond reproach.

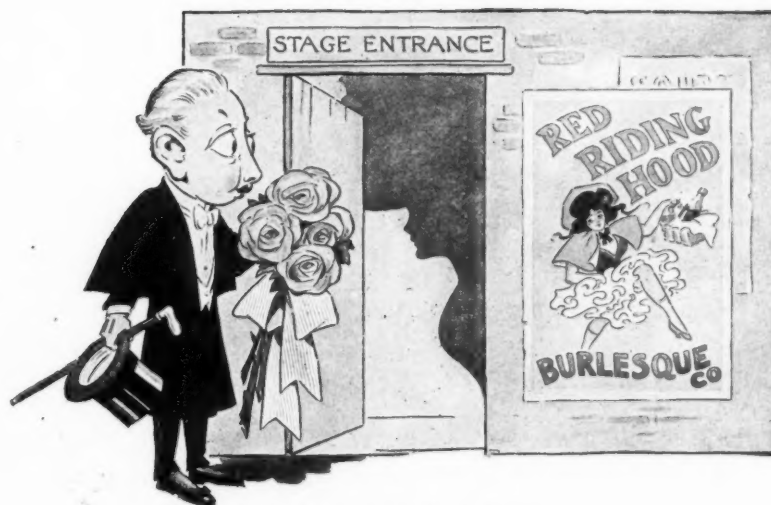
This year's vehicle for Mr. Drew's abilities comes from the pen of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, who wrote "The Mol-lusc" (in which Mr. Drew should have appeared) and "Cousin Kate." It is a perfectly nice, well-bred comedy of English life in which there is introduced one lady of title to make sure that the characters belong to the proper circles. She has not much to do with the case except to give Mr. Davies's play the correct mark of caste, without which it would never be accepted in England and would be less distinguished here. It is not a pretentious play, but ambles along pleasantly through four acts of agreeable plot, punctuated with a few mild surprises and an occasional clever line. Without the personal vogue of Mr. Drew and the theatrical importance that attaches to him and his entourage it is extremely doubtful that "A Single Man" would in itself attract much attention.

Mr. Drew's present part is that of a middle-aged bachelor who is apparently a literary machine producing a regular output of novels, essays and other salable wares. He does this with the aid of a charming typewriting young person with whom he is in love without knowing it. The usual literary man knows it without being it, but it must be remembered that this is a play and miraculous stupidity on the part of the leading characters is a play's best asset. However, stupid as the hero is, his lack of knowledge of his own feelings is turned to good account in providing him with two effective love-making scenes. Mr. Drew has never figured largely as a love-maker, especially in his recent plays, so it was an agreeable surprise to find him ready with material for the display of bits of emotion which he managed admirably with the assistance of Mary Boland, the two of them carrying very nearly a real thrill to their audience.

The supporting company is well chosen, particularly in the cases of Thais Lawton, who sets her cap energetically at the desirable bachelor, and Carroll McComas, who is in fact engaged to him but finds him too old for her admirably portrayed girlish youthfulness. The stage settings were agreeable and the furniture a credit to the imitative resources of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

"A Single Man" is a pleasant and perfectly polite little play. It is cheerful and amusing and while it may not arouse enthusiasm it certainly does not offend either the moral or aesthetic sense

THE "Maggie Pepper" of Mr. Charles Klein is a direct contrast to "A Single Man" both in matter and method. It is distinctly American and for the finesse of polite comedy substitutes the directness of manner and appeal to the emotions of melodrama. The love for a child, the tyranny of the hard-hearted employer, the greed of the blackmailer and feminine



A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

jealousy are the elementary tools of the dramatist's trade which the author uses to equip with a fitting background Rose Stahl, who reached fame in "The Chorus Lady."

With this rudimentary material Mr. Klein has made about the kind of play to be expected, redeemed somewhat by a novel setting in the way of a modern department store, its people and its life, to give atmosphere to the piece. *Maggie Pepper* is depicted as one of the human products of the bargain emporium system which has done so much to destroy taste among its customers and wipe out personal incentive among its employees. With fifteen years of the dradgery and pettiness of the department store behind her she has not entirely lost her sense of humor and has acquired a sort of grim philosophy which enables her to bear injustice as a thing to be expected. She is hopeless in her expectations, but has not lost her humanity entirely. With all of the author's resorts to the ordinary methods of lightening up the play for popular consumption, the character he has drawn and the touches Rose Stahl gives to it make it still a most pathetic creation and a telling indictment against the tyrannies of our department-store princes of trade.

What humor is allotted to the heroine is of the bitter kind, made sardonic by her education in the sordidness of those she encounters in her daily life. *Maggie Pepper* is not a charming personality, but author and artist have combined to make her a type of what modern trade conditions can do when they have their way with an ordinary, weak, human

creature. The other characters in the play are conventional, and although well selected for their interpretation from a list of artists, which comprises the names of Messrs. Grant Stewart, Frederick Truesdell, J. Harry Benrimo and Mmes. Eleanor Lawson, Beverly Sitgreaves, and Beatrice Prentice, are not noteworthy creations of the dramatist's art. "Maggie Pepper" is not at all in the class with the author's "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Gamblers," but provides an interesting medium for the display of Rose Stahl's life-like methods.



THERE'S not so much circus as usual in this year's show at the Hippodrome and, considering the difficulty of securing new material of this kind, its absence is not unpleasantly missed. So, too, the practical absence of a plot in "Around the World" is a gain rather than a loss, as it cuts out much of what has hitherto passed for acting at the Hippodrome. The singing numbers are comparatively few in number.

The energy formerly devoted to these non-essentials has been turned into the devising of spectacular effects which compels the belief that the Hippodrome show is now more nearly what it should be than ever before. The programme now consists almost entirely of a series

of gorgeously elaborate or impressive pictures so that the sense of sight is the only one appealed to. Chief among the scenes are a delightful pastoral setting in the Swiss Alps, a sunrise over the Egyptian sands, with the Sphinx as the commanding feature, a public square in Constantinople and a mimic depiction of the Durbar festivities in India.

By way of spectacle pure and simple we are given a ballet in which all those on the stage are attired as butterflies of brilliant hue, and a water scene made gorgeous with countless electric lights and brilliant costumes. It must be a very stolid individual indeed who will not be impressed by the glut of splendid sights at the Hippodrome. *Metcalf.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Astor.—"Seven Days." Laughable and rough-house farce of an American household in quarantine.

Broadway.—Closing weeks of "The Hen-Pecks," the big Lew Fields's musical show. "Casino."—The Gilbert and Sullivan classic, "H. M. S. Pinafore," fairly well revived with Fay Templeton as *Little Buttercup*.

Century.—The New Theatre setting of Maeterlinck's fairy spectacular poem, "The Blue Bird."

Cohan's.—Last week but one of the farcical comedy of the confidence man and his dupes, entitled "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

Comedy.—"Speed," by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd. Notice later.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in "A Single Man." See above.

Folies Bergeres.—Frivolous extravaganza and vaudeville with restaurant attachment.

Gaiety.—"Excuse Me." Mr. Rupert Hughes's diverting farce of sleeping car travel.

Harris.—Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper." See above.

Herald Square.—Bothwell Browne in "Miss Jack." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Around the World." See above.

Hudson.—"Snobs," with Mr. Frank McIntyre. Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"The Siren." See above.

Lyceum.—"Thy Neighbor's Wife." Notice later.

Lyric.—"Everywoman." Impressive modern morality play, dealing with the temptations of woman's life.

Manhattan Opera House.—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertory of Shakespearean dramas.

Marine Elliott's.—Henrietta Crosman expending her abilities as a comedienne on a feminine and domestic drama, entitled "The Real Thing."

Playhouse.—Mr. Douglass Fairbanks heading an unusually good cast in a bright and up-to-date light comedy called "A Gentleman of Leisure."

Republic.—"The Woman." Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"As a Man Thinks." Mr. John Mason well supported in an interesting contemporary drama by Mr. Augustus Thomas, in which the social position of the Jew in America is the main theme.

Wallack's.—Last week of Mr. Louis N. Parker's dainty little sentimental comedy, "Pomander Walk." Uniquely staged and well acted.

West End.—"The Deep Purple." Clever melodrama of New York's underworld of crooks and their victims.

Winter Garden.—Extravaganza and vaudeville in elaborate staging.



The Passing of the



Passing of the War God

Baseball For High Brows

Mr. Van Loan Writes a Literary Team of Nine Baseball Stories—Mr. Kerfoot Says They Are Good Ones—From

Baseball { Up? Down? } to Havelock Ellis



ARE you a "fan"? This is not intended as an impertinent question. It is meant to save you trouble. For if you are the kind of ball-fiend that never misses a game and is given to calling the home players by their nicknames in stentorian tones, there is no need of leading you round Robin Hood's barn to show you the fictional possibilities of professional baseball.

You will be ready, without any outside urging, to let almost any literary candidate for pitching honors put a few short stories over the plate for you. And, as the blue and pink picture on the cover of Charles E. Van Loan's "The Big League" (Small, Maynard, \$1.00) is warranted to catch the eye at forty yards, you will probably discover for yourself that this young fellow has speed as well as headwork back of his delivery.

But if you are just an ordinary chap who graduated (without honors) from one-old-cat to a knothole in the local ballground fence, and after a post-graduate course on the bleachers and a few class reunions in the grandstand, took to that other great national game of Tagging the Ticker; if you don't even know who won last year's pennant and think that a foul tip is a hint to buy U. S. Steel just before an investigation; then it may interest you to learn that baseball nines are made up of men with passions sufficiently like our own, and yet sufficiently different in the angles of their incidence, to make first-class material for light fiction. Also that a young man has turned up who can do the trick.

By a strange coincidence there are nine stories in Mr. Van Loan's "The Big League." What is even stranger, these nine stories are all good ones. And any small boy will tell you that nine hits in nine times to bat is going some.

Allen Upward says that science is the new religion. But even so, the Church Universal is about as far off as ever. For one thing, there are too many different kinds of laymen; and different kinds

of laymen, whether in religion or in science, demand different liturgical avenues of approach to the mysteries.

In religion, for example, we have at one extreme the *Ora pro nobis* of the devoutly humble Catholic whose spiritual comfort rests upon a conviction of impeccable authority, and whose personal approach is modestly conducted through an intimate friend of an intimate friend of an intimate friend of the Creator. And at the other extreme we have the "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest" of the sectarian deacon, personally threshing out each point with the Almighty, but always in his capacity of spokesman for the congregation.



"FROM ONE-OLD-CAT TO A KNOTHOLE"

And it is the same thing in science. There are people who only ask to have the law laid down for them by a supposedly infallible priesthood, any properly ordained Ph.D. being beyond their conceivable intellectual impeachment. And there are others who are willing to be led, but refuse to be driven; and like, so to say, to take a silent part in the open discussion of mooted doctrine.

Scientific laymen of the latter variety will find Havelock Ellis's "The World of Dreams" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00) a stimulating psychological service. Mr. Ellis has that widely recognized standing

which careful amateur investigators, conscious of their own critical limitations, demand of those who undertake to guide them. And he has, at the same time, the rare gift of admitting us to the actual laboratory of his speculative investigations; letting us follow and share the processes of his tentative reasoning and sending us forth spurred to a personal participation in the worship of truth rather than weakened in faith by his freedom from dogmatic self-assertion.

It's wonderful, too, how a little understanding of one's own dreams gives going to 'sleep the zest of an adventure! It's like commuting. Only you are not conscious of your packages till you open them in the dream-country; and you don't know where you bought their contents till you come back to town next morning and make inquiries.

Of course the nature, the origin, the mechanism and the meaning of dreams is too technical and too psycho-physically complex a matter to be dealt with in the free and easy vernacular of every day; and Mr. Ellis's book is not to be read and even partially digested without effort. But you haven't any idea of how much fun you'll have with yourself if you make the try.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

A Room With a View, by Edward M. Forster. An earlier and inferior novel by the author of "Howards End."

The Big League, by Charles E. Van Loan. See above.

The Cabin, by Stewart Edward White. Glimpses of camp life in the hills and the building of a summer home.

The Corner of Harley Street, Anonymous. Genial philosophy, gossip and critical comment upon life presented in the form of letters from a London doctor.

The Glory of Clementina, by William J. Locke. A passably enjoyable example of Mr. Locke's decadence.

The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts. A pioneer family run to seed. An enjoyable study of social types in the Ohio of the nineties.

The Long Roll, by Mary Johnson. An astonishingly vivid history of Stonewall Jackson's campaigns in an emulsion of dull romance.

The Miller of Old Church, by Ellen Glasgow. A post-bellum Virginia love story. The ordinary thing a little better done than usual.

Queed, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. The humanizing of a misanthropic pedant. A zestfully written romance by a new writer with prospects.

The Street of To-Day, by John Masefield. A most unsatisfactory novel by a writer who ought to be an entertaining essayist.

The Tennessee Shad, by Owen Johnson. Another Lawrenceville school story, which indicates that that particular pitcher has gone often enough to the well.

Thorpe's Way, by Morley Roberts. A rapid fire epigrammatic story dealing with the conventional unconventionality of a theorist's love making.

Three Plays, by Brieux. Translations of the work of the most modern of French playwrights with an introductory essay by Bernard Shaw.

The World of Dreams, by Havelock Ellis. See above.



A PARTING

Sorry for David

So far as David is concerned, neither Mr. Sinclair nor myself has any thought except the welfare of the child. We shall try to see that he does not lack the attention and care either of a father or of a mother.—*Mrs. Upton Sinclair as reported in the Sun.*

DAVID is the child of the Sinclairs (about to be divorced) of whom his mother says that he "already shows indications of a distinct reasoning faculty." He can hardly have got it from her, if she really thinks she is talking sense.

So far as David is concerned his parents have done their selfish worst for him, repudiating obligations which it would take both of them to fulfill and which neither of them can meet alone. David is the fact by the light of which the essential nonsense of all his mother's amusing bleatings in the newspapers most readily becomes apparent.

David is dished. His mother has quit her man and quit her job, and David is not going to have a fair chance to grow up to be a good man.

We are sorry for David.

Roadside Signs

ADVERTISING signs on the highways in New York State are now unlawful, and any friend of the landscape is at liberty to pull down and destroy them wherever they are found.

But do not pull down legal notices or auction bills and other such notices that are temporary and concern matters of local interest.

Discussion by Stamps

AS to the matter of the McNamara Legal Defence Stamps and whether they can go through the mails, Secretary Morison of the American Federation of Labor was quoted as saying:

I don't see what the Department can find about the McNamara stamps that is objectionable. They do not resemble ordinary postage stamps; they do not bear numerals on their face and they merely state "Kidnapped" under McNamara's portrait, which was true.

"Kidnapped" is an expression of opinion. Burns and his side would not admit that it is true. If these stamps go in the mails, we may look to see General Otis get out a rival issue with

"Dynamiter" under McNamara's portrait. How would Secretary Morison like that? Discussion of this nature would doubtless swell the revenues of the Post-Office, and if Mr. Hitchcock is a really thrifty person he will encourage it.

Closed Shop and Sherman Law

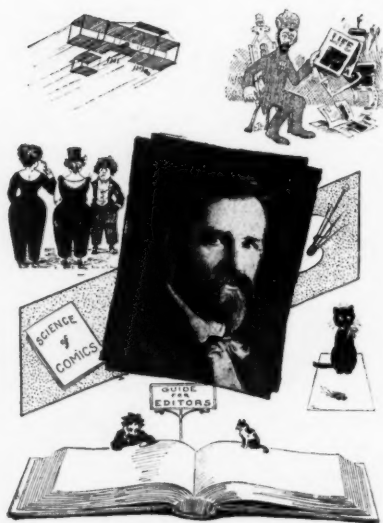
THE fight for the closed shop and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is irreconcilable. They cannot both go on. Clarence Darrow sees and admits as much as that. He would let the corporations combine all they want to and the trades-unions combine against them. The ideal of the closed shop is the whole body of labor under a discipline of its own and bound to obedience to the will of a majority of its members. Of course that means an immense labor trust.

The Blessings of Poverty

FLUB: "And you say your are satisfied to be making only \$15 a week?"

DUB: "Sure. If I made more than that, some girl would come along and want to marry me."

Life's Family Album



E. G. Lutz

WE realized fully the difficulty of our job, as we sped along in our interviewing biplane. Our task was not only to introduce Mr. Lutz, but to explain him, to tell who he is and what he does, and the way he does it. Was such a thing possible? We did not know.

"Do you think that such a thing is possible?" we asked of the tall, handsome gentleman who came forward and greeted us.

"I don't know," he replied. "I have no difficulty in explaining myself—to myself, of course. But to others?"

We seated ourselves deferentially.

"Of course," we began, "the readers of LIFE know in a way that you are the artist who draws those penetrating little initial pictures which go so far to illuminate the text—to start it off right, as it were; but to explain that far beyond this is a philosopher, a scientist, a man of method, there's the rub! Why, you have reduced humor—"

"It is quite simple," he replied quite modestly, holding up some colored sheets of paper. "You see, for keeping my ideas on file I have a system. These slips contain various ideas, and for each class of ideas I have a color—white for general, pink for animals, green for puns, brown for decorations, blue for children, and so on."

We became profoundly interested.

Here was the art of humor reduced to a science.

"And you were born?" we asked gently.

"In Philadelphia."

That explained much. Benjamin Franklin, if not born there, did his best work there, and Mr. Lutz was applying to humor the Franklin method of classification.

"What did you do at first?"

"Oh, I studied art in a certain class with four others, but I was the only one that went wrong. The others became respectable—architects and dignified professors of drawing. I was a failure from the start. I took to comic drawing, which every teacher of drawing regards as a wicked joke on humanity."

"How did you acquire your—architectonic, we believe that is the word—whatever it means?"

"I began by reading Grant Allen's scientific works. Oh, I had a narrow escape from being a scientist. I still keep at it in a way. I am engaged in the most monumental work of the age, and one which I firmly believe will be of the greatest benefit to the human race. It is a guide for editors and others, by means of which you may tell positively and at all times, regardless of digestion,

temperament or temperature, just when a thing is funny."

"Will you put us down as the first subscriber? That is something that we have long wanted to know."

Small Pay

WE sympathize heartily with that Rev. Mr. Hull of Wisconsin, who returned three dollars for making a prayer in the State Senate on the ground that it had not done any good.

But we don't agree with him about returning the money. He ought really to have charged double rates. We can conceive of no harder job than praying for a State Senate. The act in itself should not be measured by results—no sane person would expect any results—but it should be measured by the amount of discomfort involved and the sacrifice to one's feelings and dignity.

We do not believe that any man can pray for a State Senate regularly and not come off worse for it. It is bound to affect one's character.

It is like working in a subway or a mine. It ought to be paid for at extra rates.

SHYLOCK would cut a poor figure these days. It takes considerably more than a pound of flesh to satisfy our money-lenders.



Mrs. Rabbit: IT'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL, MR. CENTIPEDE, THAT YOU CAN COMPLETE A DOZEN PORTRAITS IN ONE SITTING



ANGUS MAC DONNELL + A.C. 10.

THE CONVERT



Apotheosis!

WIFE (complainingly): You never praise me up to any one.

HUB: I don't, eh! You should hear me describe you at the intelligence office when I'm trying to hire a cook.—*Boston Transcript*.

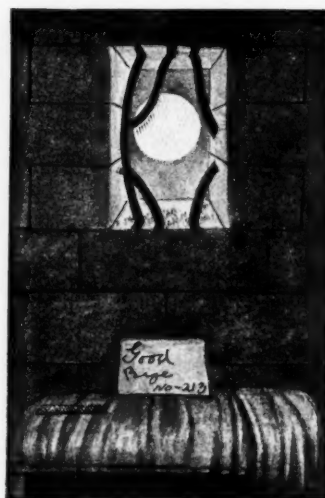
Chronological

The amateur artist was painting—sun-set, red, with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I give up drink."—*The Sacred Heart Review*.



A WIRELESS MESSAGE

Modern Miracles

An Irishman, who had returned from a visit to the old country, was telling a friend of the sights that had impressed him.

"But the funniest of all is their little tellyphone," he said. "'Tis a quare little insthryment that ye put up to your face, wan end to your ear and wan to your mouth; and then ye say, 'Are you there?' and the fellow at the other end answers yes or no—as the case may be."—*Youth's Companion*.

Round and Round

HE: Do you approve of dancing?

SHE: No.

"Why not?"

"Why, it's mere hugging set to music."

"Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

"The music."—*Tit-Bits*.

"ONE can accomplish much by utilizing spare moments."

"That's right. That tall girl yonder has read seven summer novels this season while she was dummy at bridge."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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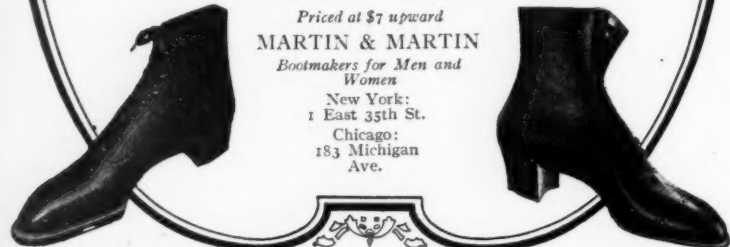
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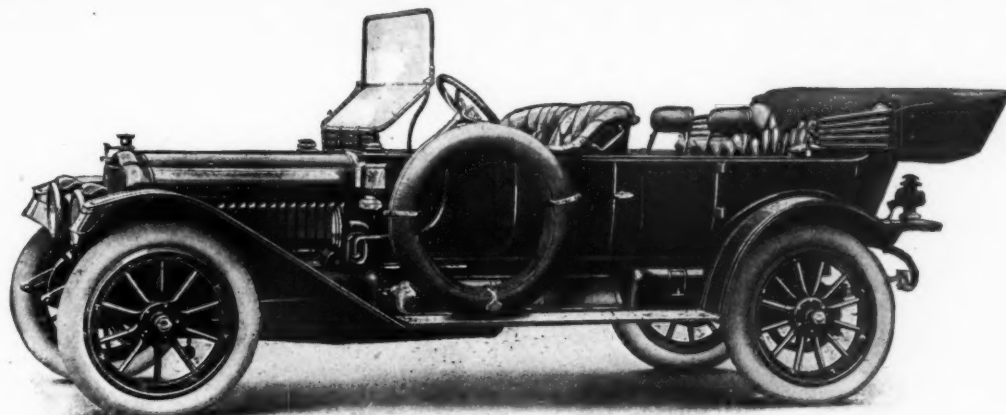
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"ANY PORT IN A STORM"



1912 White Line Complete

WHEREVER an automobile is owned, from one end of our country to the other, the splendid record for performance of the White "30" gasoline car is known. It was the pioneer car of its type in this country, embodying the en bloc system of casting cylinders, and the long-stroke engine—features which make the engine probably the simplest on any market—and the most saving in the use of fuel.

Encouraged by their splendid success with the "30," a year ago the White "40" was brought out, retaining all the characteristic features of the "30." Its success was instantaneous and the almost unlimited possibilities of the White design was conceded on all sides.

A Six-Cylinder "60" White

For 1912, to make their line one of the most complete ever presented by one concern, The White Company have produced a Six Cylinder "60." This car, too, retains all the essential features of the White construction heretofore, and is found to be just as economical to operate proportionately as either the "30" or "40." This car has the almost unlimited power to be expected in a car of this type. Like all White cars, it is built in a most luxurious style, every possible improvement modern engineering science has placed at the disposal of gasoline-engine building being employed to perfect White cars. They are designed and built to give the highest type of results, and they do it.

Let the testimonials of countless owners be the indisputable proof—
sent for the asking.

The White  Company

852 East 79th Street, Cleveland

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Qualification

Rastus was honest and industrious, but, in the opinion of the new minister, unsociable.

"Neighborliness, my dear friend," said the dominie, "is brotherliness. Do you take the trouble to see much of your neighbors?"

"Ah reckon ah sees as much of them as dey sees of me," Rastus replied.

"Perhaps," said the clergyman, "but do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Ah reckon ah does, pahson," Rastus replied, "but you know, suh, I ain't p'tic'larly stuck on mahself neither."—*Success*.

Imperfect Harmony

Senator Depew, at a recent dinner in New York, said of Richard Strauss's music:

"To hear Strauss's 'Elektra' or his 'Domestic Symphony' always makes me think of the old Scotch piper who said: 'Ah, there's ane nicht I sail ne'er forget. There were nineteen pipers besides mysel' all in a wee bit parlor, all playin' different tunes. I just thoct I was in heaven!'—*Washington Star*.

Let's change the name of the capital to Whitewashington.—*Omaha News*.

Patience Gave Out at Last

More than one story has been told about the lawlessness and disorderliness of the feudists of the Southern mountains. This one the *Philadelphia Times* tells as having been related by a clergyman of Kentucky, who has worked for many years among these neglected hill people.

There had been a family reunion, which terminated in a free-for-all fight. The offenders were taken before the local justice of the peace, who questioned an old woman as to the particulars of the fight. Her description was typical of the mountaineer's attitude toward strife and bloodshed.

"Well, judge," she said, "Jem Louis got into an argument with Hank Budd. Budd smashed Jem over the head with a stick of cord wood, and busted his head open.

"Then Jem's brother smashed Hank up with a butcher knife, and Lou Barry shot him through the leg.

"Larry Stover went at Lou with an ax, and then, judge, we just naturally got to fighting."

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

No SOAP ~ NO BRUSH ~ NO CUP

You will find shaving a luxury if you use

EUX-E-SIS

(Pronounced UX-E-SIS)

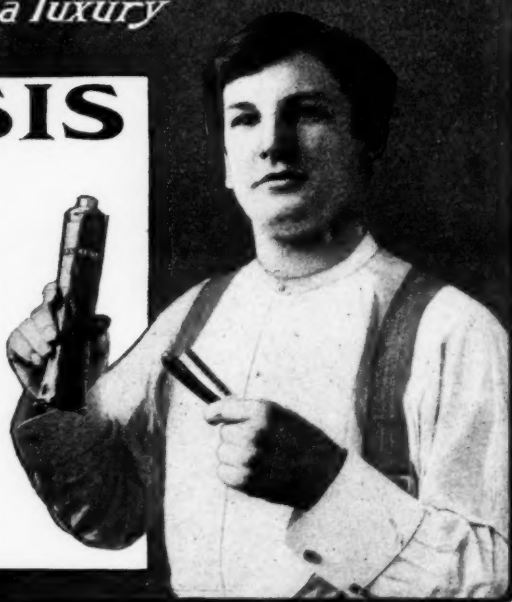
The Great English Demulcent Shaving Cream
Soothing to the Tenderest Skin.

Saves time—no soap, brush or cup needed—a tube of Eux-e-sis and a razor, that's all. This celebrated English shaving cream has for a third of a century been used by men of refinement and nice habit. It quickly softens the hardest beard so that you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. Leaves the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. Ideal for use with the safety razor.

None genuine without the signature Aimee Lloyd in red ink on tube. Sold by best druggists.

45c a tube—extra large, 90c.
Send for explanatory booklet.

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Cleanse the face thoroughly



Restore the soft texture of the skin

Sunburn

How to rebuild skin burned by the summer's sun

This fall, to have a skin you can be proud of, you must remove the evil effects of sunburn.

Bathe the face and arms gently with a soft lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and rinse thoroughly in tepid water. Continue this night and morning for a week or two.

This treatment brings back the soft, smooth texture of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. Nobody hesitates at the price after their first cake.

For 4c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Powder, Woodbury's Facial Cream. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp, and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the ANDREW JERGENS Co., Dept. 2605, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati.

Woodbury's Facial Soap



For sale by Dealers everywhere

Baron Douse's Jury

Here is a story which Baron Douse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated Irish "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"—*London Globe*.

Rhymed Reviews

The Visioning

(By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company)

Miss Katie Jones, an army girl
Adept in matters military,
Was drawn by chance from out the whirl
Of flirting, sport and millinery.

While playing golf—a round or so—
She saw a lady bent on hiding
Her cares beneath the river's flow,
And balked her plans for suiciding.

Then Kate brought home this waif be-
reft
And named her "Ann." That none
should doubt her
She introduced her right and left
Inventing friendly lies about her.

But Truth suppressed will rise at last,
As he that reads again discovers;
It proved that Ann possessed a Past
Involving one of Katherine's lovers!

So Ann went off, insulting Kate
And didn't leave a clue behind her;
But Kate, devoid of prideful hate,
Implored an humble friend to find her.

(This friend, "The-Man-That-Mends-the-
Boats."
Was wont to turn a crooked prism
On other people's beams and motives;
He tutored Kate in Socialism.



Hello, Tom! Why this glad morn-
ing face? I thought you looked
sallow yesterday—as if your liver
was upset and your stomach out
of order

I did But a bottle of

Red Raven

before breakfast has put me right.
It acts on the liver, clears the head,
and settles the stomach

everywhere 15c

Learn Trap-Shooting

The All-Year-Round Sport For Men and Women

"SHOOTING OFF" A TIE AT
THE PINEHURST GUN CLUB



TRAP-SHOOTING closely parallels actual hunting conditions.
The open air—the sudden, swift flight of the bird, the opportunity
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Fascinating and Healthful

Quickly develops the novice into a skilled shot, because of the opportunity
for regular and continuous shooting under favorable conditions and
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Keeps the old hunter from getting rusty between game seasons. The clay
pigeons are in flight every day in the year.

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Join your local Club. If there's none near by, start a Gun Club—we will
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Americans and rulers of Europe at the traps and in the field.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY

"Pioneer Powder Makers of America"

Established 1802

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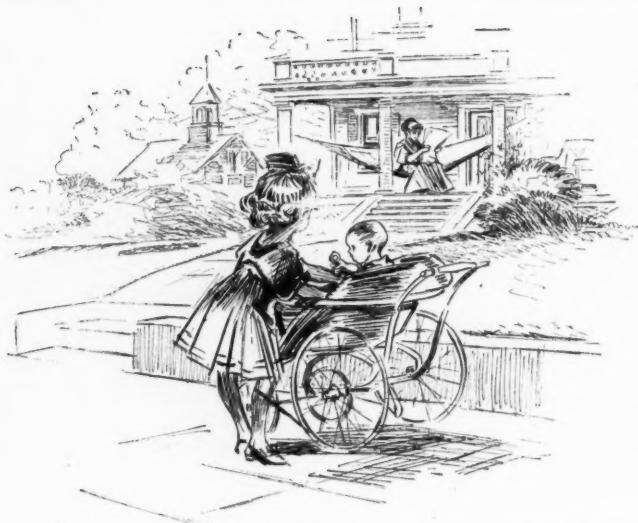
The army blue he'd worn a while,
But having smacked a proud lieuten-
ant
Because he didn't like his smile
He served no more 'neath flag or pen-
nant.)

Yet Katherine's brother rescued Ann
And married her with brave decision,
While Kate, in turn, espoused the man
Who mended boats and people's vision.

In working out a rambling plot
To air her views on social matters
Our authoress, I fear, has got
Her code of ethics torn to tatters.

Our fallacies of Church and State
By books like this are scarce refuted.
I'll take my Socialism straight,
My Fiction, likewise, undiluted.

Arthur Guiterman.



Gertie, after kissing the baby: MOTHER, WHAT HAS BABY BEEN EATING? HE TASTES KIND O' DIFFERENT.

On the Road to Sheepshead Bay

(With apologies to R. K.)

IN the old grandstand pavilion down at Sheepshead-by-the-Sea—

In the empty, grass-grown paddocks—weepin' ghosts wail mournfully!

Ghosts of Haggin, Keene and Whitney haunt the club house. Every tree

Seems to whisper "nothin' doin'"—down at Sheepshead-by-the-Sea!

*On the road to Sheepshead Bay
Where the coach-horns used to play—
And the bookies used to thunder—
"Make your bets! They're off! Hooray!"*

My jockey cap was yaller and my coat was olive green.
I weighed-in at ninety-seven. In the boxes, every Queen
Smiled and hollered, "Go it Clancy!" "See the darlin'—
ain't he cute!"

And at night I'd bathe in bubbles and I'd puff a fine cheroot.

*But it's dead at Sheepshead Bay;
Same at Brighton, down the way.
While at Belmont Park they're flyin'—
Flyin' higher every day.*

Lord—I've had my share of troubles, but this anti-law's the worst!

I'm a-growin' fat and bloated. And it's beer to drown my thirst!

I'm a chauffeur now and drivin' tin-horn sports along Broadway—

Always longin' for a saddle and a mount at Sheepshead Bay.

*Hoppy days at Sheepshead Bay!
With the flags a wavin' gay
And the band a playin' "Dixie"
And the Brooklyn under way!*

Roger Lamson, Jr.

A Man's Best Friend

GILBERTON had been West on a ranch for three years; during that time he had corresponded regularly with his old friend Kait, but he had never seen Kait's wife, as they had been married six months after he left home.

Kait was the oldest and best friend that Gilberton had, and when he came back he lost no time in looking him up.

Gilberton had traced Kait up to his golf club, it being Saturday afternoon. As he came up to the clubhouse he saw a group of ladies and one or two men standing. In the distance across the links several players were going round.

Gilberton ran across Stancher, whom he had known of yore.

"Hello, old fellow," said Gilberton. "Glad to see you; yes, I just got back from California; been there three years; came up here to see Kait."

"There he is," said Stancher—"he's at the third hole—with Miss Hillson."

"Miss Hillson—who's she?"

"She's a friend of his."

"But he's married?"

Stancher laughed.

"Well," he said, "what of that? Mrs. Kait is sitting over there in that rocker. Come over and I'll introduce you."

"But tell me—is there anything up?"

"Nothing more than usual."

Stancher leaned over.

"They don't quite jibe—that's all. Nice people, both of them."

Gilberton held his peace.

"Take me over," he said.

Stancher drew him by the arm to where Mrs. Kait was sitting.

"You ought to know this man," he said. "Mr. Gilberton."

Mrs. Kait exclaimed:

"Dear me, Jack's oldest and best friend. I am awfully glad to see you. And Jack will be simply overjoyed. He has missed you more than anyone else—he talks about you constantly."

Gilberton sat down, and Stancher, excusing himself, went away to start a foesome.

"He's the same old boy, isn't he?" he said, looking at his friend's wife. She was a very pretty woman. Kait wondered how any man could give such a charming person up for another.

"Just about the same."

"And why aren't you playing golf?"

"I rarely play. Jack does the athletics for the family."

"He's off there—on the fourth hole, isn't he?"

"Yes—with Miss Hillson—she plays a stunning game, you know. If Jack only knew—he'd come right back."

"That's all right. It won't take him long to go around."

"Where are you staying?"

"I haven't any plans yet. I am just drifting around."

Mrs. Kait had been quietly studying him. She had formed a certain conception of her husband's best friend, but now it all had to be readjusted. Jack had spoken to her about his putting up with them—had rather insisted upon it—but she had resented the idea from the start. In fact, they had had an unpleasant scene about it.

"Billy Gilberton and I always bunked together," he had

said. "Why, it's an understood thing between us. I should never forgive myself if I had failed to make him stay with us."

To which Mrs. Kait had replied:

"You can see him as much as you wish—but I shall always have something to say about who comes under my roof."

There the matter rested; but now that she talked with Jack's best friend, she began to relent. His face was weather-beaten from exposure, and he had a big, broad way with him that won her at once. And so, in spite of the fact that this concession on her part meant a capitulation to her husband's request, she said:

"We shall, of course, expect you to stay with us."

"I couldn't think of such a thing."

"You've got to."

An idea had suddenly occurred to Mrs. Kait. Why not have a flirtation with this big fellow? Certainly her husband was having his fun with Miss Hillson. He had not stopped to consider her feelings; why should not this be an opportunity to revenge herself upon him?

At this moment Jack himself came running up from the links. Stancher had seen him and told him the news; he had deliberately broken away from his game.

He grabbed his friend by both hands. "Hooray!" he cried. "Old man, I am just overjoyed to see you; why didn't you telephone. I knew you were coming, but you didn't say what train. I am just crazy to have you back. You'll——"

He looked at his wife.

"Bunk with us, of course."

"Yes. I have already insisted upon that," said Mrs. Kait.

Gilberton shook his head.

"I don't think I ought to," he said.

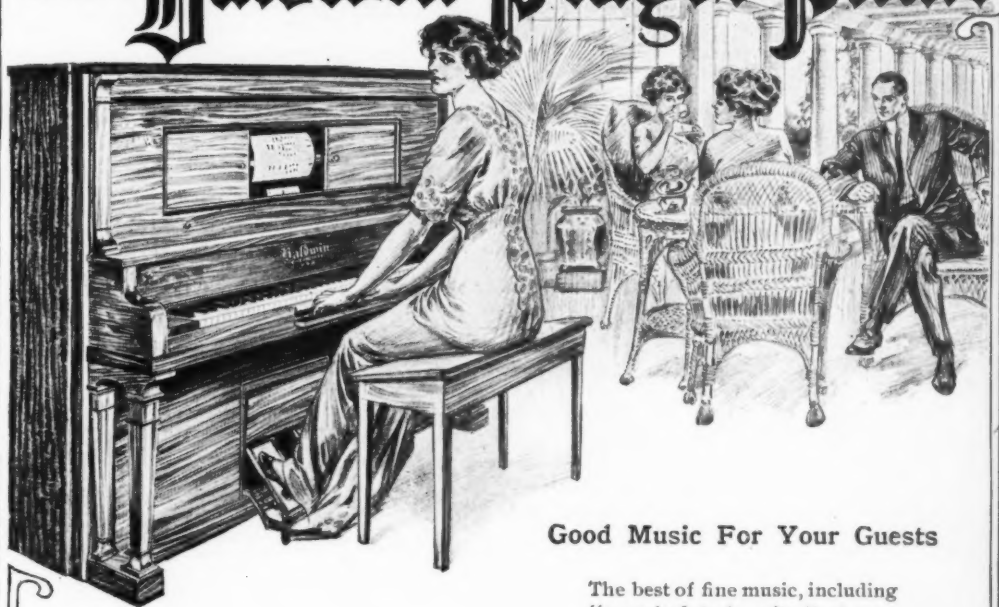
"You've got to."

"Look here, you've left your partner."

"I know it; she understands; I explained it to her. I'll go back and finish up and do you two fix it up between you."

Gilberton talked with Mrs. Kait for a half hour. At the end of the time it was

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INVESTORS READ

The Wall Street Journal

agreed that he was to stay with them temporarily, until he got settled. When Stancher heard of the arrangement, he laughed quietly.

"A man's best friend," he said to himself, "never, under any circumstances, ought to live with him and his wife—that's such an old axiom that I shouldn't think they ought to be blind to it at this late day."

One Sunday morning after breakfast, Kait motioned Gilberton to come out on

the piazza. Mrs. Kait was inside, looking after some household arrangement.

The two men faced each other almost abruptly.

"Billy, I want to tell you something. Do you know what you have done?"

Gilberton smiled.

"I have done only what any man would do in my place. And now I am going to leave you."

"Have you told Helen?"

(Concluded on page 445)



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Send us the Color and Flower Scheme of your Wedding, the number of guests expected at the Reception and the size of the Bridal Party, and we will be pleased to send you suggestions of DEAN'S latest New York ideas, with prices of Wedding Cake in Boxes with monograms of distinctive design, filled with DEAN'S famous Wedding Cake; the Bride's Cake, containing special gifts; unusual Favors for the Bridal Party, Cases for the Ices, Special Confetti, the Bride's Cake Knife, etc., etc.

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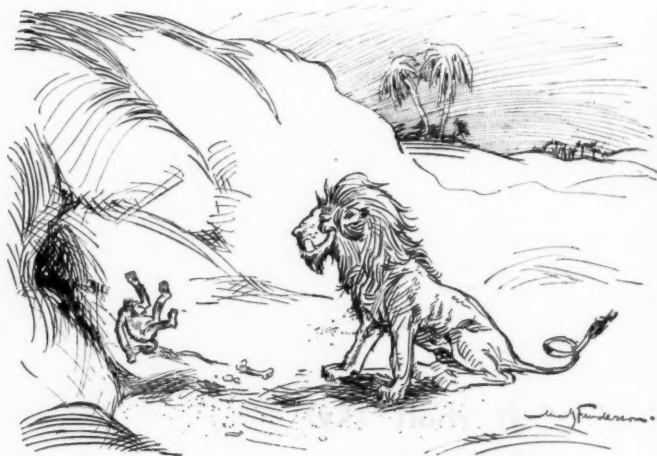
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The Lion: ER—PARDON ME—ARE YOU GUARANTEED UNDER
THE PURE FOOD LAWS?

His Ambition

At the time that Frédéric II. used to sup with his French philosophers, he demanded of them one day: "What would you do if you were the King of Prussia?" Every guest tried a flattering and witty rejoinder. When the Marquis d'Argens's turn came, he said: "Sire, what would I do? I would sell my kingdom and acquire a small province in France."

A Man's Best Friend

(Concluded from page 443)

"Yes; and she agrees with me that I ought to go."

Kait lighted his pipe leisurely. Then he said solemnly:

"Apparently you don't realize what you *have* done. When you came on here five weeks ago, I was on the verge of an open breach with my wife; it was one of those peculiar situations which, if allowed to continue, would have been a permanent breach; she had the idea that I was in love with Miss Hillson just because Miss Hillson was a good golf player and she wasn't. You came in at the right psychological moment. Why, Helen says you talked to her like a Dutch uncle."

"I did," replied Gilberton, "and you can take it from me that she needed it; she was in wrong."

"Well, you didn't spare me. I was fighting mad at you at first."

"Of course; a man always is when he gets the truth slung at him," said Gilberton with a smile, as he puffed his briar.

"But you were right; you performed a difficult and dangerous operation on two people and you didn't spare either of us; you cut deep, but you cured us. We understand each other now, thanks to your skill. Billy, old man, you're the best friend I've got. And I should like to know now why you are going to leave us."

Gilberton packed his pipe with his thumb.

"Well, you see," he said with a smile, "I thought I ought to make a clean job of it; so I am going off to marry Miss Hillson."

T. L. M.



Yesterday-
and To-day

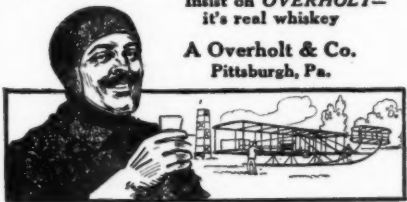
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"Same for 100 years"

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Insist on **OVERHOLT**—
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30 Direct Factory Branches

American Men

The weakness of the American man is specialism. If he is a financier he knows nothing but the ups and downs of the money market. If he is a lawyer he can only talk or write the law. If he is a politician he is an expert in politics. These specialists are, as a rule, quite ignorant of anything outside their particular hobby. One cause of divorce is the

general superiority of the American women over the men. As a rule, the women know from three to four times as much as the men. The wife soon begins to tire of the platitudes of the husband. She tires of his hardness, his routine existence, his unromantic sentiments, his lack of art. The average New York husband seated among a company of New York women is like a porpoise out of water.—Juvenal, in the *New Age*.

There's Nothing Like This in Ainslee's:

YOU are paying an enormous duty on *unshrunk* woolens. When they have been washed a few times they shrink at least two inches. Assuming that 84,000,000 of the 90,000,000 people in the United States wear woolens, there must be a total shrinkage for the country at large of 168,000,000 inches, or 14,000,000 feet, or over 2,650 miles.

Do you realize what this means to YOU?

It means that you are paying duty on enough woolen that you *haven't got* to reach from New York to San Francisco. Where does it go? That's what we want to know—Who IS getting it?

So much for "uplift." We just wanted to show you what we could do in the muck-raking line if we wanted to.

The October Ainslee's is merely entertaining and really entertaining.

THE COMPLETE NOVEL

in this number is a fascinating Western romance by

Izola Forrester

H. F. Prevost Battersby and Thomas Addison contribute novelettes of distinction. These, with the many short stories from such writers as Alice MacGowan, Frank Condon, Margaretta Tuttle, Nalbro Bartley, James Oliver Curwood, Rina Ramsay, Samuel Gordon and Anna Alice Chapin make a number of Ainslee's that is as unusual as usual.

AINSLEE'S FOR OCTOBER

Sold wherever magazines are read—Read wherever magazines are sold

Fifteen Cents the Copy

Alaska

Alaska is the largest outlying possession of the Guggenheim syndicate and the extreme northwestern projection of the Western Hemisphere. It is a very cold country, and for this reason Uncle Sam is permitted to hold it now and then while the syndicate blows on its hands. Its area is 586,400 square miles, or about 84,000 square miles apiece for each of the seven Guggenheim brothers. It was discovered by Meyer Guggenheim, head of the house, and was purchased from Russia for the Guggenheims when they were young. The Government, which held it in trust, handed it over to them when they were all twenty-one years old. William H. Seward, who bought it for Meyer Guggenheim, called it Alaska, this being a characteristic Alaskan corruption of the Aleut word alak-shak, or al-ay-ek-sa, meaning nobody is looking. The country is entirely covered by ice and Balingier coal patents. It is bounded on the south by Simon and William Guggenheim, on the west by Solomon and Daniel Guggenheim, on the north by Isaac Guggenheim, and on the east by Benjamin and Morris Guggenheim. The highest mountains in North America are there, the greatest of them being Simon Guggenheim's pile, 20,300 feet, and the next Solomon Guggenheim's pile, 17,534 feet. The Guggenheims, who are the rightful owners, have had a good deal of trouble with squatters, particularly the United States Government. The Government frequently settles somewhere along the coast, and it is almost impossible for the Guggenheims to get justice. They have recently lost a very important case of this kind in which their



THE NE'ER- DO- WELL

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REX BEACH

Author of "The Silver Horde"

HERE we have, to be sure, the romance of masculine strength and weakness, the zest of the great outdoors. But Rex Beach had done this before—you expect it. Now comes a big surprise. It is neither a fluffy girl nor an adventurous widow. But a real woman, compelling and admirable—when she is right, and when she is wrong, too. At times she blazes over the pages; again she withdraws, leaving her fascinating shadow on coming events. There is a mighty

PICTURES BY CHRISTY

sweet and pretty girl as well. Around and over this is a sweeping, rushing story of how young Americans are conquering the Isthmus—the engineers and the soldiers turned civilians to fight very real battles against climate and ignorance. There is fun a-plenty in these adventures—and the plots and counterplots of jealous workers will make a good many of us sit up and rub our eyes.

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caretaker, Cunningham, was evicted and hit on the back of the head with his doorbell. Alaska contains a good deal of gold, and it is the intention of the Guggenheims to smelt this with the coal. They estimate that there is just about enough of both for this purpose, and are naturally very anxious to preserve the balance. The Governor of the Territory is J. Pierpont Morgan, and the syndicate has representatives in addition in London, Paris, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Brussels, Seattle, and the United States Senate.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Books Received

Gotterdammerung (The Dusk of the Gods), by Oliver Huckel. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$.75, net.)

Mother Carey's Chickens, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.25, net.)

Ranier of the Last Frontier, by John M. Dean. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$1.20, net.)

A Watcher of the Skies, by Gustave F. Mertins. (T. Y. Crowell Co., \$1.25, net.)

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Rock**

"The World's Best Table Water"



In NEW Sterilized Bottles Only

Archimedes

Archimedes, whose given name has been accidentally torn off and swallowed up in oblivion, was born in Syracuse 2,171 years ago last spring. He was a philosopher and mathematical expert. During his life he was never successfully stumped at figures. It ill befits me now, standing by his new made grave, to say aught of him that is not of praise. We can only mourn his untimely death and wonder which of our little band of great men will be the next to go.

Archimedes was the first to originate and use the word "Eureka." It has been successfully used very much lately, and as a result we have the Eureka baking powder, the Eureka suspender, the Eureka shirt and the Eureka stomach bitters. Little did Archimedes wot, when he invented this term, that it would come into general use.

Its origin has been explained before, but it would not be out of place here for me to tell it as I call it to mind now, looking back over Archie's eventful life.

King Hiero had ordered an eighteen-carat crown, size 7½, and after receiving it from the hands of the jeweler, suspected that it was adulterated. He therefore applied to Archimedes to ascertain, if possible, whether such was the case or not. Archimedes had just got in on N 3, two hours late and covered with dust. He at once started for a hot and cold bath emporium on Sixteenth Street, meantime wondering how the dickens he would settle that crown business.

He filled the bathtub level full, and piling up his raiment on the floor, jumped in, displacing a large quan-

tity of water, equal to his own bulk. He thereupon solved the question of specific gravity, and forgetting his bill, forgetting his clothes, he sailed up Sixteenth Street and all over Syracuse, shouting "Eureka!" He ran head first into a Syracuse policeman and howled "Eureka!" The policeman said: "You'll have to excuse me; I don't know him." He scattered the Syracuse normal school on its way home and tried to board a Fifteenth Street bobtail car, yelling "Eureka!" The car driver told him

that Eureka wasn't on the car, and referred Archimedes to a clothing store.

Everywhere he was greeted with surprise. He tried to pay his carfare, but found that he had left his money in his other clothes. So he thought it was the revised statue of Hercules; that he had become weary of standing on his pedestal during the hot weather, and had started out for fresh air. I give this as I remember it. The story is founded on fact.

Archimedes once said: "Give me

NOW ON SALE

The Fall Fashion Number

OCTOBER ISSUE OF

L'Art de la Mode

"The Fashion Authority"

Published September 20th

It is the reflection of the genius of the leading dressmakers and creators of Fashion direct from Paris.



THE Fall fashions are a decided step towards the Louis XVI, French Revolution and Directoire Periods. It sounds the death of the hobble skirt and of the extreme styles, such as the harem skirts which were shown last season.

We present to our patrons over 100 exclusive models, and six plates in colors, showing fourteen gowns and evening wraps. These color plates are a new feature and a valuable addition never attempted before by any other American Fashion Journal.

This number is the culmination of untiring efforts. We have outdone ourselves, and we know that every woman will say upon seeing it—"to be well dressed one must follow L'ART DE LA MODE styles."

Hats and bonnets will also occupy a conspicuous place. Such well-known firms as Lewis, Virot, Reboul, Esther Meyer, Marie-Louise, Georgette, have sent us their latest creations.

Your newsdealer sells it; if he cannot supply you write direct to us, enclosing 35c.

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where I may stand and I will move the world." I could write it in the original Greek, but, fearing that the nonpareil delirium tremens type might get short, I give it in the English language.

It may be tardy justice to a great mathematician and scientist, but I have a few resolutions of respect which I would be very glad to get printed on this solemn occasion and mail copies of the paper to his relatives and friends.

"Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst Archimedes, who was ever at the front in all deserving labors and enterprises; and,

"Whereas, We can but feebly express our great sorrow in the loss of Archimedes, whose front name has escaped our memory; therefore,

"Resolved, That in his death we have lost a leading citizen of Syracuse, and one who never shook his friends—never weakened or giggled back on those he loved.

"Resolved, That copies of these resolutions will be spread on the moments of the meeting of the Common Council of Syracuse, and that they be published in the Syracuse papers eodtfdp&cod, and that marked copies of said papers be mailed to the relatives of the deceased."—Bill Nye.

The table is the only place where we do not get weary during the first hour.
—Brillat-Savarin.

The Goodness and Delight found in every bottle of **Evans' Ale**

Give a new meaning to ale drinking
**The Creamy Head
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Luscious flavor
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Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book-T, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

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Boston



The Dandy

Touching Dandies, let us consider with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing man, a Man whose trade, office and existence, consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well, so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor of unequaled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a "Divine Idea of Cloth," is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea in Action; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind, walks forth, a wit-



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- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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"KATIE, HOW DARE YOU WAVE YOUR HAND TO HER? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MUMPS IS AWFUL CATCHIN'?"

ness and living Martyr to the eternal Worth of Clothes.

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Posy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognize his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visible object or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or al-

together miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him and he is contented. May we well not cry shame on an ungrateful world that refuses even this poor boon; that will taste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care; when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits?—Thomas Carlyle.

The Success Guarantee

Mr. National Advertiser,

North America.

We accept your order for the insertion of the advertising of any honest and worthy product at one dollar and fifty cents* per agate line, to occupy a position on a page with reading matter in the October, 1911, issue of Success Magazine with the understanding that the edition (number of copies actually printed) will be not less than 280,000.

On or about December 1, 1911 (after returns have been received), we will furnish you with a correct audit of the net sales of the October, 1911, issue by Messrs. Gunn, Richards and Company, Certified Public Accountants, of 41 Wall Street, New York City.

Should this audit not show a NET SALE of more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies, we agree to refund to you an amount in cash (provided our bill has been paid as rendered) which will make the advertising rate to the advertiser three-fifths of one cent per line per thousand copies *actually sold*. (All free copies, advertiser's copies, exchanges, returns, samples and subscriptions paid for by advertising or circulation departments, etc., excluded.)

No charge will be made under this agreement, for circulation, paid or unpaid, in excess of the above guaranteed sale.

Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

New York, August 23, 1911.

*Contracts will be accepted at this rate covering insertions up to and including issue of September, 1912.

J. H. Morrison
Advertising Manager.

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- 1st—A guaranteed and proved NET SALE for each issue, all free copies and returns deducted.
 - 2nd—A rate adjustment favorable to the advertiser, based upon proved delivery.
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An Interesting experience with Polarine

Saurer Motor Company
30 Church St., New York

August 11, 1911.

Standard Oil Company,
555 West 25th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

It will probably be interesting for you to know that the "Pioneer Freighter," the 4½ ton Saurer motor truck which has just finished the run between San Francisco and New York with a load averaging 3½ tons, used Polarine Oil, Transmission Lubricants and Grease.

This was the most gruelling trip through which any motor vehicle ever passed.

For twenty-seven consecutive days the truck was never off the low gear, 2.4 miles per hour, the engine running 1000 r.p.m. Over the White Mountains of Arizona deep snow and mud were encountered in temperatures of down to zero, while through the desert sixteen days were consumed, most of which was on the low gear in temperatures of 140 during the day and never less than 100 at midnight.

This, you will agree, was a most trying test for the cooling system and the lubricating oils, but never once during this most trying trip was the engine overheated or the lubricating anything but perfect.

Inspection of the cylinders and valves in Chicago and again in New York on completion of the trip totaling over 5,200 miles, showed them to be in perfect condition, and entirely free from carbon.

The gear case in which we used Polarine Transmission Lubricant was opened only once during the trip for inspection and found to be in perfect condition.

If there is any further information which would be interesting concerning this trip, we would be pleased to supply it.

Yours very truly,

H. D. WATSON,
Eastern Sales Mgr.

Polarine

The Polarine Brand covers:
Polarine Oil (in gallon and half-gallon sealed cans, in barrels and half barrels), Polarine Transmission Lubricants, Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease.

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers," which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

When Banister, the Actor, Sat on the Woolsack

On one occasion a gentlemanly appearing individual walked boldly up the steps of St. Stephen's, passed the various officials, turned into the House of Lords passage, and in a self-possessed manner entered the robing-room.

"Lord Normanby's robes."

The attendant looked surprised.

"But, my lord—" he began.

"I know it's absurd," said the stranger; "but my tailor cannot finish my robes in time, and I must attend this sitting. Lord Normanby was so kind as to offer— You understand?"

"Oh, certainly, my lord," responded the rober, obsequiously.

The crimson and ermine was produced and donned, and the pseudo-peer strolled into the House, where a few peers were waiting, administered a series of affable nods right and left, and finally took his place on the woolsack. For full thirty seconds he sat there, while those present tried to collect their faculties. Then he slowly arose and, remarking to the clerk, "How stupid of me! I now remember I have an appointment elsewhere," retired from the chamber. In the robing-room he remarked, "Thank Lord Normanby, and tell his lordship I have just recalled a pressing appointment with the King."

"Yes, my lord. What name?"

"What name?" echoed the other, in assumed astonishment. "What name? Really, my good fellow, you must be careful—very careful. It does not do to forget yourself in this assembly. But I will overlook your slip this time. Good morning."

That evening it was known at the Beefsteak Club that Banister, the actor, had won a bet of £50.—*The Strand*.

The Value of Confirmation

An old Scotchman was congratulated upon the good behavior of his little grandson in church. "Ay," said the old man, "Duncans weel threatened afore he gangs in." Children should only be sent to services for children, adds the Rev. E. J. Hardy in his book, "How to Be Happy, Though Civil." Even at confirmation some of them do not behave as well as they might. When Temple was head master of Rugby he overheard a boy say: "I am entered for the confirmation stakes." "You may say now," said Temple, "that you are scratched." There was a time, we are told by the Bishop of Norwich, when a Bishop had nothing better to say of confirmation than this: "My dear brethren, we have just been engaged in an interesting, and I must confess, so far as I myself can conceive, a wholly unobjectionable ceremony."

THE great diplomatist, the Abbé de Talleyrand, on his death bed, received a visit from the King, Louis Philippe, who asked him how he felt. "Oh, Sire, I am suffering like the damned!" "Already," said the King, smiling.

"Good Morning—
Have you used
Pears' Soap"



The Cost of Beauty

Enormous sums are constantly being spent on "aids to beauty," and, for the most part, it is safe to say, it is money wasted.

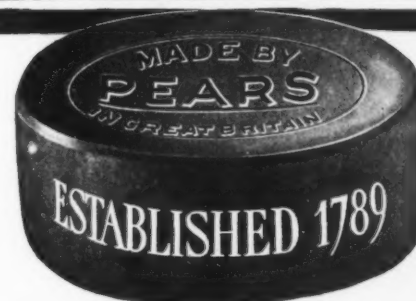
In many cases, indeed, it is worse than wasted, because it works positive injury. As far as beauty can be bought, it is contained in a tablet of

Pears' Soap

And what is the cost? A few cents per week—that is all—for Pears, by virtue of its complete purity and unequalled quality, lasts twice as long as common toilet soaps.

There is nothing, no matter how costly, that can be applied to the skin, that will do more to cleanse, preserve, refine and beautify it than Pears. What Pears cannot achieve in this direction cannot be done. Pears is wholly composed of pure, natural emollient elements perfectly combined.

Matchless for the Complexion





Manning-Bowman

**Alcolite Stove
Chafing Dishes
Burning Denatured Alcohol**

For light meals, lunches and late suppers, there's nothing like a Manning-Bowman Chafing Dish equipped with the "Ivory" Enamelled Food Pan and the Alcolite Burner Stove. This stove burns alcohol gas, which it generates from the liquid alcohol. It has the cooking power of a range burner, and a full meal can be prepared on it. It will take any cooking utensil as well as Manning-Bowman

Coffee Percolators

Manning-Bowman Percolators insure uniformly good coffee, clear, rich, full-flavored, healthful—as the liquid coffee never remains in contact with the grounds, the coffee is never rank or bitter. Manning-Bowman Percolators make coffee quickly, starting with cold water. They are simple and easy to clean—no valves, no clogging—also made in Urn style for making coffee on the table.

The Manning-Bowman Quality products are made in hundreds of designs and in various sizes. In Nickel Plate, Silver Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum. Sold by leading dealers—jewelers, department stores, etc. Write for Free Recipe Book and Catalogue No. J 28.

MANNING, BOWMAN & COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

Also makers of Manning-Bowman Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Tea Ball Tea Urns, Chafing Dish Accessories, Celebrated M. & B. Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.



HIS TEDDY BEAR

The Child: WHAT SEEMS STRANGE TO ME IS THAT WHEN HE USED TO SQUEAK PEOPLE TRIED TO STOP IT AND NOW THAT HE IS SILENT THEY KEEP PUNCHING HIM TO MAKE HIM DO IT.

Bacon's Busy Day

Sir Francis Bacon rose at five
And said: "As sure as I'm alive
I've got to get a move on me
If ever famous I shall be."
He nibbed his quill and fixed his ink
And rubbed his head and tried to think,
And then, like gathering blackberries,
He wrote J. Caesar's Commentaries.

To while away an hour he wrote
The Pilgrim's Progress, with a note
To the effect that Bunyan should
Be called the author, if he would.
Then, yawning, ere he should begin
He wrote a work on medicine,
And just to save a lot of pother
He named Hippocrates as author.

Then to his breakfast, but between
The grapefruit and the ham 'twas seen
He scribbled still, by fits and jerks,
The most of old Josephus' works.
Then smoking, with his long legs crossed,
Wrote Paradise Regained, and Lost,
And Scottish Chiefs, while as a solo
He sang the works of Marco Polo.

"I'm lazy," sighed he. "What's the use?"
And wrote the books of Mother Goose,
Then penned, to start his cipher steps,
The diary of Samuel Pepys;
R. Crusoe's thrilling tale was next
To leave his pen with flowing text,
And then, to please his maiden auntie,
He wrote the rampant rhymes of Dante.

The Works of Virgil then he penned,
And Homer's verse, from start to end;
Then Fox's Martyrs, and a bit
Of quaint Aristophanic wit—
And then all day he worked like sin
To put the hidden ciphers in.
That night, with many a splashy shiver,
He sank all this beneath a river.

—Chicago Post.

Our American Charles Lamb

Mr. William M. Travers, of New York, resembles Charles Lamb, not only in a slight hesitancy of speech which adds to his drollery as a raconteur, but also in the quaintness of his humor for which he is celebrated among his acquaintances.

One morning, it is said, he walked into his club with an amused smile on his lips and said:

"B-b-boys, I'm afraid I t-t-took m-more wine last n-n-night than a ch-ch-church member should t-t-take."

"Why so?" said one of his friends.

"Well, you s-s-see, this m-m-morning, when I c-c-came to b-b-breakfast my wife s-s-said: 'William Travers, what was the m-m-matter with you last n-n-night? You stood beside the b-b-bed for some time l-l-looking at me and finally s-s-said: 'Well, I s-s-swear you two girls look enough alike to-to-to be sisters.'"

HURRY and Cunning are the two apprentices of Dispatch and of Skill; but neither of them ever learns their master's trade.—Lacon.

Life's Prints

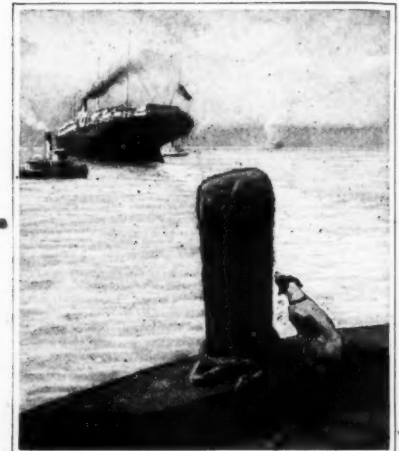
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Sentiment

and

Humor

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Size, mounted, 14 x 16 in. Price, \$1.00

Here is one that will please all lovers of animals—the best "dog" picture we have ever published.

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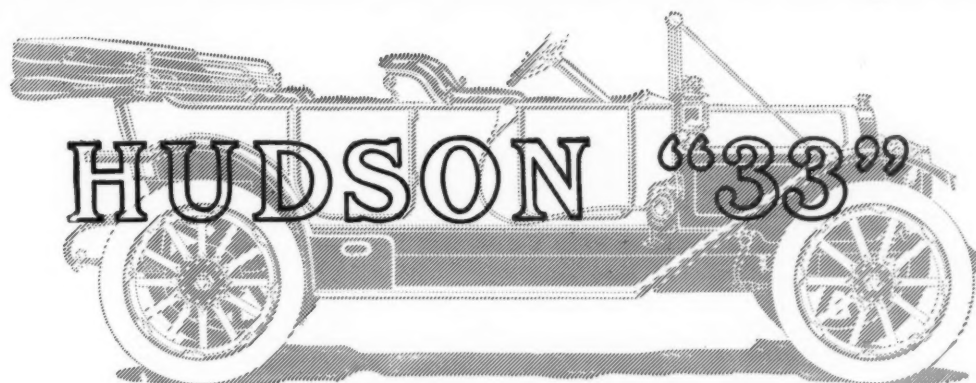
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31 Street

New York

· LIFE ·

The One Advanced Car in Three Years



Four Models—\$1600 Each

The HUDSON "33" is furnished in four models: A Touring Car, a Torpedo, a Torpedo Roadster, and the Mile-a-Minute Roadster. All models except the last named have closed bodies, genuine mohair top and wind shield. Demountable Rims, extra rim, tire irons, 34 x 4-inch tires, highest grade black enameled lamps, Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools, etc.

The Mile-a-Minute car has storm apron and 100-mile-an-hour Warner Autometer. Both Roadsters have luggage box on rear, around which extra inflated tire can be carried.

Examine Our Rival's Car, Too

We urge you to examine other cars as well as the HUDSON "33." It would not be ethical to reprint here a page from a rival's catalog, which illustrates the motor and chassis of his car. Yet if we should do that it would show a convincing reason why you should choose the simple, accessible HUDSON "33."

If you can't find it convenient to personally examine many cars, get catalogs and compare the illustrations. Lay the cuts of the motors side by side and note how much more complicated all are as compared to the motor of the "33."

In other cars there is a jumble of rods, wires, exposed mechanism and other mechanical obstructions that are difficult to understand and that collect dust and render vital parts inaccessible. You don't need to be an automobile expert to see this. Now look at the HUDSON "33." It presents no such confusion. All rods are out of the way. All moving parts are protected so that dust will never reach them. There is no part of the motor or other portion of the car that is not easily accessible.

The HUDSON "33" has some 900 fewer parts than are used on the average car.

This is but one example of its greater simplicity. By comparing with other cars or with the illustrations in the catalogs you can easily check off the many other features of advancement that are exclusive with the HUDSON "33."

The Dollar Value of Simplicity

You immediately recognize that in eliminating these 900 parts we can put the money thus saved into bettering the quality of the parts that are used. That is why experts do not compare the HUDSON "33" with other cars selling within its price range—between \$1400 and \$2000—but with cars which sell above \$2500.

We have developed factory economy to as high a state as has any manufacturer. Our volume in the number of cars produced is among the largest. We know that in these directions it is impossible to bring price down and quality up in the same degree as shown in the "33."

The only way it can be accomplished is just as it has been in this case—by eliminating the number of parts used.

No other automobile is so simple as the HUDSON "33"; therefore, we say, no other car of such quality can be sold under \$2500.

What It Means in Repair Charges

Most repair expense is for the time required to remove the obstructions that interfere with the free access to the part

needing attention and for the replacing of those rods and wires and other things after the repair has been made. At 60 cents an hour—the minimum charge for such service—you can understand what this means when four or five hours must be consumed in removing and in replacing parts in order to make an adjustment that, were it not for the intricacy of the car, could be made in a few minutes. You save all such expense and annoyance if you own a HUDSON "33." It is accessible in every detail.

The Dust Proof Idea

Dust and sand cut the finest bearings. No amount of wear is so destructive. Note what provision has been made in other cars for protecting moving parts and then look at these details on the HUDSON "33." HUDSON valves are enclosed. Dust never gets into their mechanism. Thus they do not become noisy. Every moving part is fully protected and that means long service. It means a greater operating economy.

Greater Value This Year Than Last

Experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to comfort, simplicity and value.

It has given practice to our workmen with the result that they do their work more skillfully. This means quieter operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model assured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 3½-inch tires, a size tire makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33." This year, to assure longer service, we are using 34 x 4-inch tires.

To reduce all annoyance of delays and work on the road, the "33" is this year furnished with Demountable Rims. Fear of punctures need no longer concern you, for a ready-inflated tire can be substituted so easily that a woman can make the change in five minutes.

Wider, deeper and softer seats with higher backs are furnished. The springs are a trifle longer and therefore more flexible. In hundreds of little things we have added a touch of simplicity and of elegance that increases greatly the unequalled value you obtain in the HUDSON "33."

Control levers are located inside and are operated by the right hand, yet do not interfere with the driver's knees, which is a common fault with most cars that have inside controls.

Equipment is Included

Last year we quoted the car stripped, selling the top, magneto, and Prest-O-Lite tank as extras at \$150. This year these things with the Demountable Rims, larger tires, heavier, larger lamps, etc., are listed with the car. With the same equipment as is this year furnished regularly, to say nothing of the much greater value of this year's model, the 1911 car cost \$1630.

All 1912 models sell at \$1600. When you get the 1912 HUDSON "33" it is equipped ready for complete and satisfactory service. Even the license number holders and tire irons are in place.

We Have Spent Lavishly

No expense has been spared in making the 1912 HUDSON "33" all that could be desired in every particular. The best of everything has been used. We were generous in this respect with the 1911 model.

This season we are even more particular as to the quality of materials and the way they are assembled. You can't see just how we have added to this quality except by the perfect and long operation of the car.

You can see, however, by a mere glance, that a better quality of equipment is furnished than you ordinarily find on cars selling under \$2500. The lamps are the same as are used on one of the highest priced American cars. The upholstery is carefully selected. The paint is of the highest quality. All the details that contribute to convenience, long, inexpensive service are there. We have a perfected system of carburetion by which greater mileage is secured from each gallon of gasoline. The larger tires assure lower operating cost.

You Might Get a Car Now

We have never been able to build the "33" as fast as the demand requires. All dealers are constantly clamoring for more cars. But perhaps your dealer could, if you see him promptly, get you an early delivery. Last spring we were 2000 cars oversold. There has not been a day since the 1912 models were announced that orders on hand did not exceed all the cars we could produce in two months. So if you get a HUDSON "33" it will be because the dealer has foreseen the situation and has a car on hand in expectation of just such a demand.

If you don't know the dealer nearest you, write for his address and for portfolio in colors of models, details, etc.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7133 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK

Williams' Shaving Stick

HINGED COVERS

NICKEL BOXES

The comfort or discomfort of shaving isn't half so much in the razor as in the lather. The distinguishing feature of Williams' Shaving Stick is that it produces a thick, smooth, creamy



lather that maintains your comfort *during* the shave and preserves it afterwards.

SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Talc Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 16 cents in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Powder

Just shake a little on the wet brush—the result is the same smooth, creamy lather that you've always known in Williams' Shaving Soap and Shaving Stick. The hinged-cover box, operated with one hand—snap, snap—open and shut—makes it quick and easy all the way.



Williams' Dentalactic Tooth Powder

A delightful preparation made with as much regard for the protection of the teeth as for thorough cleansing. There is no grit to scratch the enamel. It is finer than any powder you ever used and has cleansing and preserving properties far beyond the ordinary.

In hinged-cover, nickeled box with visible opening.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.